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Magazine
OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION
March 1988
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ANDRE
GIANT RAGE THUNDERS AROUND HULK
ULTIMATE WARRIOR
A STRANGE NEW PRESENCE IN THE WWF
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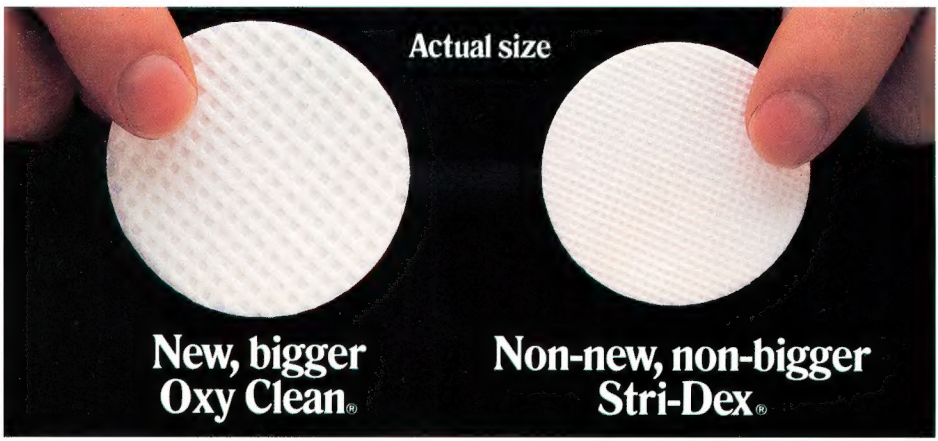

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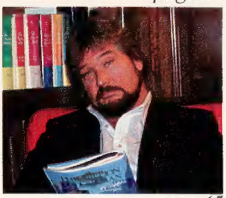

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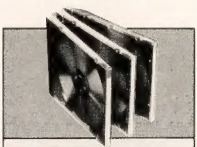

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AROUND THE RING

By Ed Ricciuti

By the end of March, the month for which this edition of *WWF Magazine* is issued, *WrestleMania IV* will have occurred. Although as this issue goes to press, it is too early to report on who the participants in the *WrestleMania IV* will be, we can predict this annual spectacle will again be a sports-entertainment event of global proportions. Each year, WWF competition becomes more exciting and new stars emerge, so it is only logical that *WrestleMania* will get better and better.

The April issue, out two weeks before *WrestleMania IV*, will contain preview coverage, looking ahead to the dramatic encounters sure to take place in the ring. And we'll bring you coverage of the titanic meeting February 5 between WWF Champion Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant. Be sure to look for it. No other magazine will bring you the type of photographs and writing on *WrestleMania IV*.

With every wrestler in the WWF vying for a spot on the *WrestleMania IV* card, there are bound to be developments in the WWF that will be shockers. It's every man—and manager—for himself. Appearing in *WrestleMania IV* is an honor that most athletes dream of and never achieve. For a lucky group in the WWF, it happens. And we will tell about them.

The publishers and editors of *WWF Magazine* never stop trying to improve it, all the while bringing you news and features on the WWF and its stars that are exciting, insightful and unusual. To make continued improvement, it is important that we hear from you, our readers, about your likes and dislikes as far as the magazine is concerned. What do you enjoy most? What would you like to see changed? How? Why? Would you like types of features and departments other than we have now? Let us know. We depend on you because you are the reason we publish.

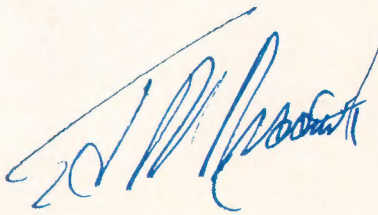
In order to make *WWF Magazine* even better, we have had to increase expenditures. The cost of sending photographers and writers to WWF arenas around this country and abroad—something we must do to continue to keep you informed and entertained—is rising. We have added sophisticated new photographic equipment to the tools used by our photographers, and new writers to our stable of reporters. Because of this increase in cost, it has been necessary to raise the cover price of the magazine slightly—you may have noticed it last month. You now pay a bit more for the hottest-selling wrestling magazine on the market. Thank you for making us No. 1.

This issue is proof of that. We have the full story, for example, on the astonishing action of Ted DiBiase, the Million Dollar Man, who purchased the contract of Andre the Giant from manager Bobby "The Brain" Heenan. And we focus on the shocking attack by Andre on WWF Champion Hulk Hogan, after he had beaten challenger King Kong Bundy in a match televised January 2 over NBC, on *Saturday Night's Main Event*. We go beyond simply reporting the facts of what happened and try to determine their ultimate significance—for Hogan, Andre, DiBiase and, for that matter, the entire WWF.

Another major feature in this issue covers the *Survivor Series*, the colossal clash of an army of WWF superstars, which was seen on pay-per-view television Thanksgiving night. In case you missed it—if you did, you passed up spine-tingling excitement—you will find our photographs and account of the event invaluable.

Another major WWF event of a different sort—the Slammys—was seen on television in December. We were there, at Caesars in Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the live presentation. What we saw and heard—and that's plenty—is recorded in this issue. It was entertainment unlike any other in the world.

That's all for now. As we said, keep your eyes peeled for the next issue. It could be the most exciting of the year. Then again, the issues after *WrestleMania IV* could be even better. WF



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The Ultimate Warrior hasn't been around the World Wrestling Federation that long, but he has made a powerful impression, not only on the many opponents he has crushed, but on the fans. This war-painted young battler, who gives off a fierce energy that spreads excitement among arena crowds, has also generated an impression—which is correct—of impressive power. Not long ago, we asked readers who they thought was the most powerful man in the WWF. Letters have come in, and many of them cite the Ultimate Warrior, if not as the most powerful grappler, then at least a close contender. Considering that he had hardly started competing in the WWF when we asked the question, the response in his favor is amazing.

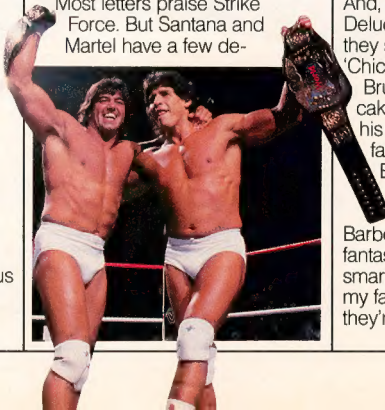
Here is a sampling of letters that mentioned the Ultimate Warrior:

From Jill Fiano of Bayonne, New Jersey, comes this comment. "I think the most powerful person in the WWF is definitely Davey Boy Smith [of the British Bulldogs]. I also think Ravishing Rick Rude and Hercules are powerful. One other person is the Ultimate Warrior."

And from Ray George, Niceville, Florida, we have another assessment of power. He says, "Here are my five choices for the most powerful wrestler in the WWF: Andre the Giant, Hulk Hogan, Ravishing Rick Rude, Bam Bam Bigelow and the Ultimate Warrior." Ray puts the Ultimate Warrior in some pretty heavy company.

A truly great compliment for the Ultimate Warrior comes to us from Matt Hincaid, of Toledo, Ohio. He says, "I'm writing to answer the question about who is the most powerful wrestler. In my opinion, it is the Ultimate Warrior. He knows how to handle opponents in the ring. The way he picks up wrestlers above his head and then drops them right on their face is just devastating. I can't wait until he faces competition such as Rick Rude, Butch Reed and, especially, Hercules. The Ultimate Warrior is going to devastate the competition in the World Wrestling Federation. The Honky Tonk Man is going to have some sleepless nights worrying about this guy because he truly has the power of a warrior."

We also have received a bunch of mail praising Strike Force, the WWF Tag Team Champions Tito Santana and Rick Martel. Peter Heanssler of Deer Isle, Maine, says about Strike Force, " I would like to thank you [*WWF Magazine*] for your recent coverage of Strike Force. It was like a dream to have two of my favorite wrestlers come together to form such a great tag team and then see them defeat the Hart Foundation for the title. And now they are champions. I'm looking forward to future coverage of them."



Most letters praise Strike Force. But Santana and Martel have a few detractors. Among them is Sheila Collins of Arcadia, California, who says, "I want to see Strike Force lose the tag team belts as soon as possible." She adds she feels Strike Force cheated to win the title.

Sheila also has a big favorite, Bret "Hit Man" Hart. With a good manager [What's wrong with Jimmy Hart?], she says, Bret "could easily become the next Intercontinental Champion or oust Hulk Hogan and get his belt."

Strike Force also takes a shot from Christine Volk of Toms River, New Jersey, which only seems natural because she says she is a big fan of the Hart Foundation, former champions, along with their manager Jimmy Hart and the rest of his stable, the Honky Tonk Man and Dangerous Danny Davis. "Strike Force cheated to get the belts," writes Christine. "The Hart Foundation will get them back."

Words in opposition to Christine's point of view come from Kathleen Burk of Susanville, California. She calls Strike Force "sensational" and suggests some new names for the Hart Foundation. How about Jim "The Pansy" Neidhart and Bret "Greaseball" Hart, she asks. And, she adds, "I cannot forget Deluded Danny Davis. Together, they should all be known as the 'Chickenheart Foundation.'"

Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake also has been getting his share of kudos from the fans. Katherine Bothos of Bridgeport, Connecticut, writes, "I really love Hulk Hogan and Brutus 'The Barber' Beefcake. They're such fantastic wrestlers with their smart wrestling moves. They're my favorite wrestlers. I think they're the greatest." WF

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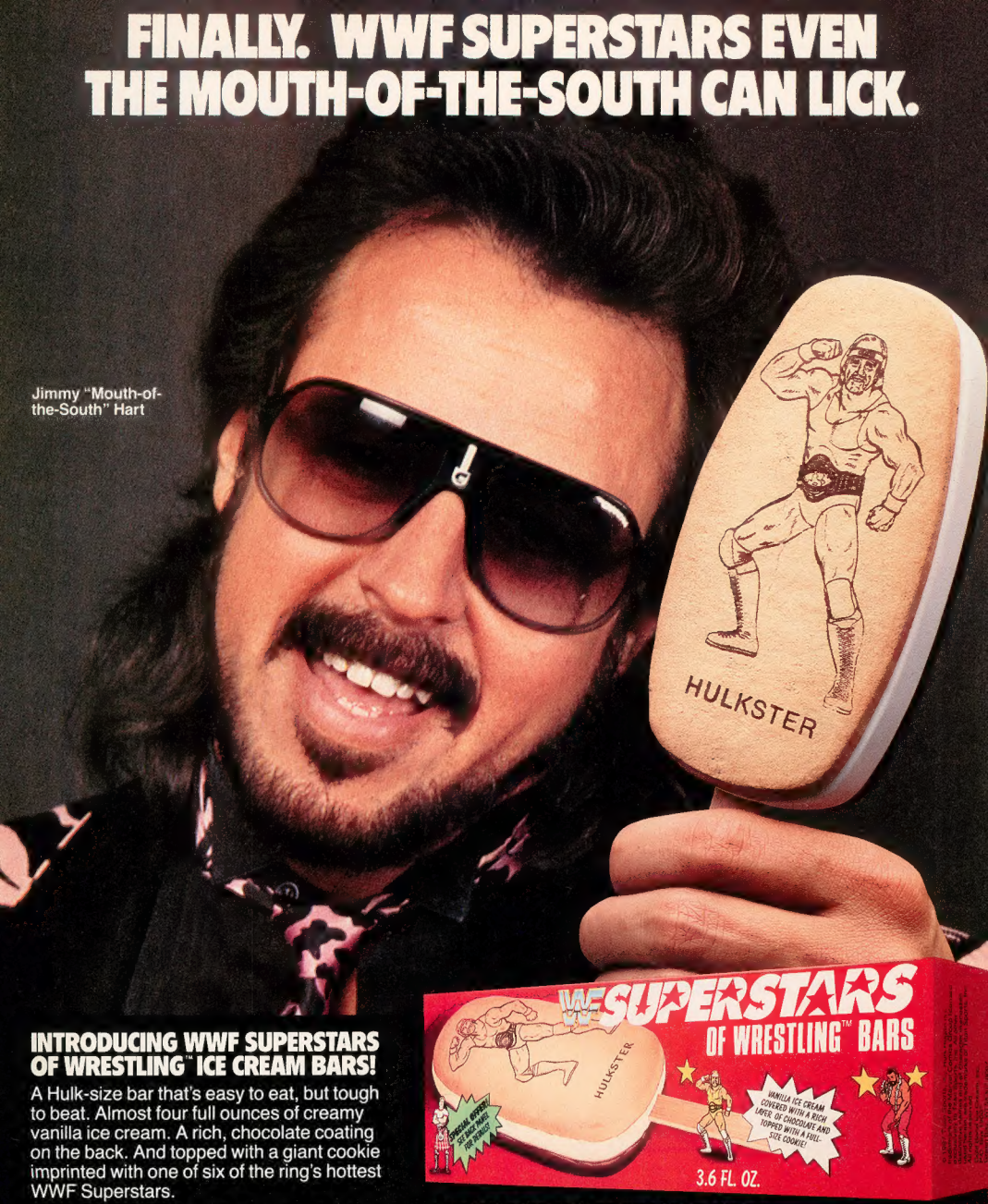

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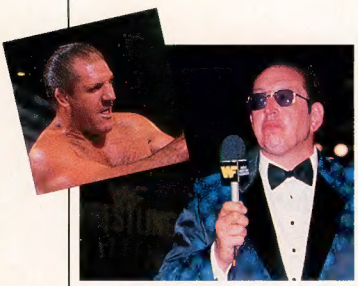
WWF LIST OF

My Toughest Match

The "Danger Zone." That's the term often used by Randy "Macho Man" Savage to describe the jeopardous territory between the ring ropes. The ring can ruin a competitor or turn him into an international idol. Either way, the ride is never easy, but can be rougher some times than others. Even the cockiest of mat stars admit they had one match tougher than all the others. Grapplers of past and present say that the very thought of the bout conjures up the aches, strains and frustrations of the night it occurred.



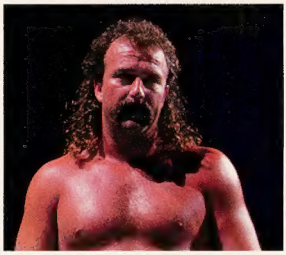
GORILLA MONSOON: My toughest match was against the Living Legend, Bruno Sammartino. He was the toughest man I ever wrestled, period. We fought for an hour and 34 minutes at the old Madison Square Garden. At the time I was 401 pounds and tried to wear him down with my size. But Bruno was strong and wouldn't stop fighting. He put me in a bear hug that took my breath away. I couldn't believe it—he was more than 100 pounds lighter than me!

ONE MAN GANG: Wadd'ya mean, my toughest match? I ain't never had a tough match with nobody.

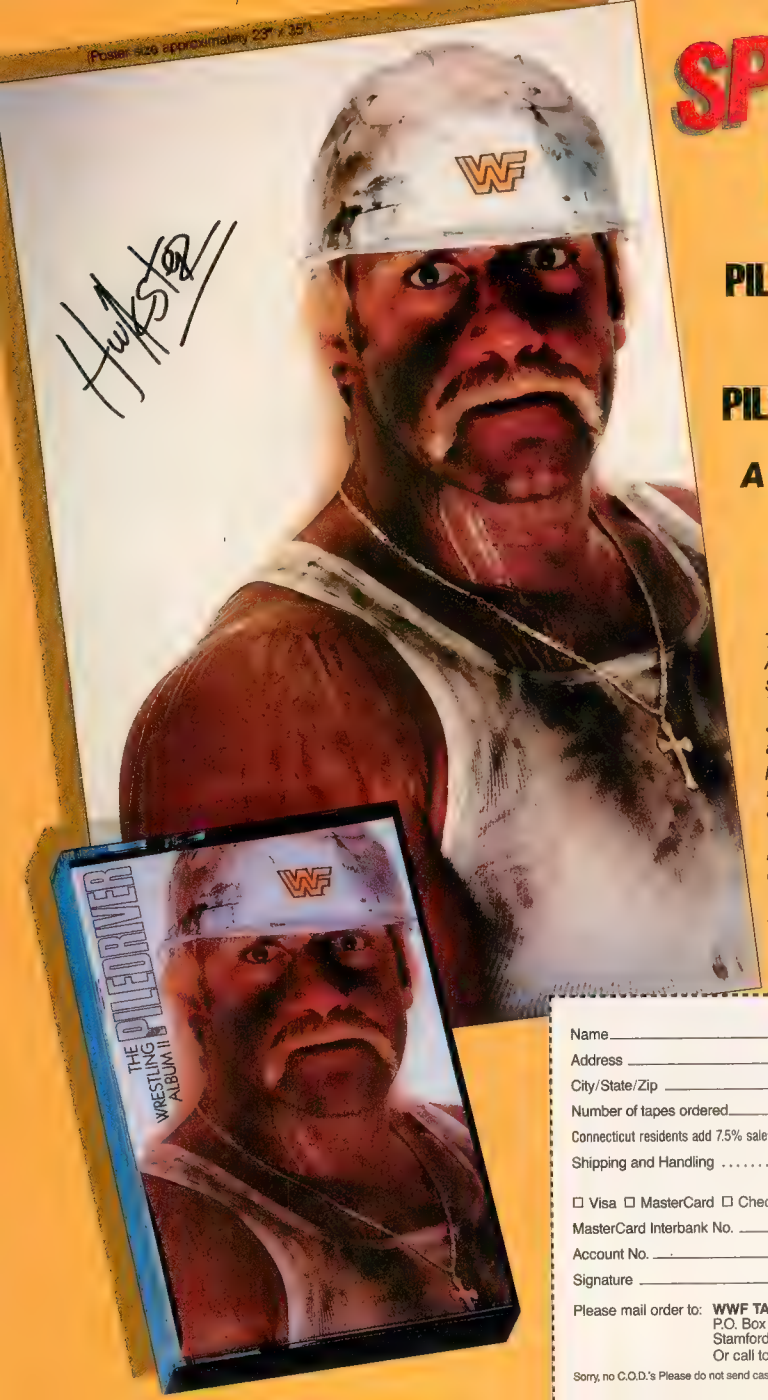
THE JUNK YARD DOG: I guess the one with Randy Savage in the *Wrestling Classic*. He pounded me. I'll never forget the double axhandle he hit me with when I was on the arena floor. Man, it was a couple of years ago, but my skull still rings. Lucky for me, I had a bye in an earlier match. Savage didn't. I was fresher. Finally managed to flip him over the ropes. He hit the concrete and went groggy. Couldn't get back in the ring, so I won. But I was lucky.

RANDY "MACHO MAN" SAVAGE: Ricky Steamboat in *WrestleMania III*. Absolutely. No question. Yeaa. We armdragged each other so many times I thought my arm would come out of its socket. He threw me around until every bone in my body hurt. And he took everything I threw at him. Sure I had him pinned and the referee was knocked cold. That's the breaks. In the end he pinned me and took my belt. Now I'll get the belt back from the Honky Tonk Man.

BAM BAM BIGELOW: Last year, when I won the *Battle Royal*, I had to fight a bunch of the biggest, baddest and strongest guys around. Then I was left in the ring with Bob Orton and Hercules. Those guys can mess you up. They've got the experience, and they like to inflict pain. When they had me in the corner, I felt like a hunted animal. I was tired, but I wasn't gonna let those dudes get me. I set my legs, stopped 'em, then crotched 'em and threw 'em out. When it hit me that I was the winner, I said to myself, "Bam Bam, you've arrived."



JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS: It was a match with Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat. My man, I'll tell you about Steamboat. When he's in the ring with you, it's battle time, bell to bell. This time, we got so fired up we forgot everything. We pulled out all our physical and psychological weapons. My fists were sore from hitting that man. My body was sore from getting hit. And the referee got knocked down. We didn't care. We kept whaling at each other. We both got disqualified. Just as well. It was so even, nobody should've won. WF



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NEWSBREAKERS

PILEDRIVER GOES GOLD!

Piledriver, the Wrestling Album II, has gone gold in Canada. The second Wrestling Album from CBS/Epic Records, *Piledriver* achieved gold status in the Maple-leaf country within two months of its release, during which more than 50,000 albums sold.

This is the second gold record awarded to the World Wrestling Federation because the first Wrestling Album sold an incredible 70,000 units since its Canadian release in December 1985.

Left: WWF Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan glowers from the cover of Piledriver, the Wrestling Album II. *The wrestlers are not only leaders in the sports entertainment field, but in the musical world as well.*

Piledriver features wrestlers and other personalities from the WWF. Koko B. Ware belted out the title track and lead single, *Piledriver*. Mean Gene Okerlund teamed up with rocker Rick Derringer in his hit *Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo*. The Honky Tonk Man sang a song named for him and written by his manager, Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart. Derringer, with Ax and Smash of Demolition, performed a song of the same name as the fearsome tag team. Vince McMahon's contribution to the album was *Stand Back*, while Hillbilly Jim did *Waking Up Alone*.

Strike Force—Tito Santana and Rick Martel—joined up with Robbie Dupre, known for his popular *Stealaway*, in *Girls In Cars*, while Slick did a talking tune, *Jive Soul Bro*. Jimmy Hart, a member of the '60s rock group the Gentrys, added his *Crank It Up*, and everybody joined in for *If You Only Knew*.

The songs on *Piledriver* range from love tunes to heavy metal. The album features WWF World Champion Hulk Hogan.

Videos of *Piledriver* songs have been shown on MTV, and a special video based on the album—including footage on its making—is marketed by Coliseum Video.

Piledriver and its success are one more testimony to the varied abilities and talents of WWF stars and personalities, both in and out of the wrestling ring. WF

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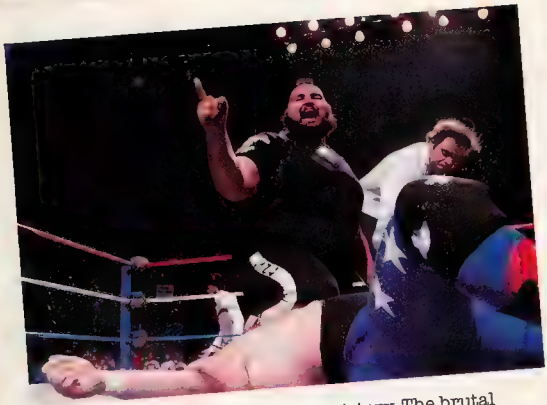
Imagine seeing this across the ring. The sight has beaten many opponents from the start.

ONE MAN GANG

A feature in this issue examines the expected war between One Man Gang and Bam Bam Bigelow. This installment of *Personality Profile* takes a close look at the Gang, one of the most feared men in the World Wrestling Federation ring.

One Man Gang. His name says it all. This massive man, who approaches 500 pounds in weight and has the disposition of an angry rhinoceros, is as big as two or three ordinary men. He is overwhelmingly powerful. He has often taken



One Man Gang exults in another victory. The brutal behemoth from the Windy City seems unstoppable.

One Man Gang lets Slick do most of the talking for him. But on occasion, comments by the Gang reveal what makes him tick. "I like to cripple," he roars. "I like to make people hurt. I'm the biggest and the baddest. Ain't nobody who can stay with me, not even for a minute."

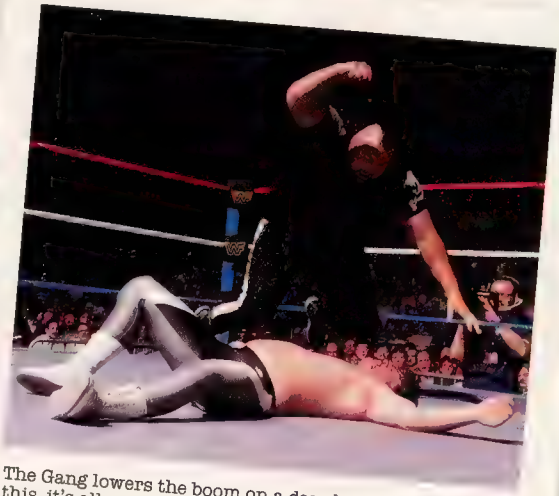
Clearly, One Man Gang believes in himself. He considers himself the most awesome force in the ring. He fears no one. To him, opponents offer a chance to do what he does and likes best—brutalize people.

For all his words, One Man Gang is not overconfident, just confident. And why not? Nothing that has happened to him thus far in his ring career should make him think differently. Until someone does to One Man Gang what he has done to others, this mauler from the Windy City of Chicago will continue to be the gang lord of the ring. WF

on two opponents at a time, crushing them like flies.

One Man Gang employs his sheer size and power with brutal directiveness as he disassembles opponents. And he thoroughly enjoys it, which makes him even more terrifying. He is basically cruel and hostile, a man who does not know the meaning of mercy or pity. Nor does he care a hoot about sportsmanship. His only purpose for entering the ring is to bully and bash other people and to gain fame and fortune for himself—and for his manager, Slick.

Slick, the Doctor of Style, has worked hard to make One Man Gang even more brutal than before. He goads the Gang and feeds his rage for destruction. When One Man Gang batters an adversary, Slick cavorts with glee.



The Gang lowers the boom on a dazed opponent. After this, it's all over for the victim.

CONFIDENTIAL

WWF INTERVIEW

A Talk With:

The Honky Tonk Man

The Honky Tonk Man, World Wrestling Federation Intercontinental Champion, is under the gun. And the man with his finger on the trigger is Randy "Macho Man" Savage, who lost the title to Honky Tonk in a controversial decision and who is flamed with desire to make him pay for shoving down Randy's lovely manager, Elizabeth, in a rematch of the title bout. "Yeaa," Savage says. "We all know what the Honky Tonk Man did. He doesn't deserve to be called Man. And he doesn't deserve to be called a champion. We won't have to worry about either very long. Yeaa. I'm going to show he's not a man and unmake him as champion. It's coming. Real soon. Yeaa."

Savage's threat is very real. In their rematches, Honky has escaped loss with tactics as slippery as the grease he gobs on to his pompadour. Sooner, or later, experts feel, Honky Tonk could be caught in a situation he won't be able to slide out of. Savage is coming on strong. He's enraged. And an angry Randy Savage can be unstoppable.

What does Honky Tonk think about his reign as champion and the challenge from Savage? For that matter, what does Honky Tonk think about his future? What are his goals? WWF Magazine *thought you would like to know, so we interviewed Honky Tonk—and tried to keep his yappy manager, Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, from interfering in the conversation as he does in the ring.*

WWF: Honky Tonk Man, you are the target of one of the most talented, toughest and courageous men in the ring. The rougher things get, the more Savage loves it. And he's motivated by vengeance. Do you think you can really stave off his challenge to your belt?

Honky Tonk Man: Lemme tell you, my friend. I've whupped Randy Savage to within an inch of his life. I've played my guitar on his thick skull. I've made him out the fool. And I showed that girl Elizabeth not to get in the way of the Honky Tonk Man. What's that say to you? It says the Honky Tonk Man is just too good for Savage. And that the Honky Tonk Man ain't afraid of him or nobody else.

WWF: You've mentioned Elizabeth. We've been wondering what you really think about her, in your heart of hearts. She's a beautiful, desirable woman. Isn't it true that you're attracted to her? And that you sneer at her out of frustration because she thinks

Honky Tonk Man

you're disgusting?

Honky Tonk Man: I don't care nothing for Elizabeth. She don't move me at all. Not my type. But you can tell, she's stuck on the Honky Tonk Man. She's the one who's frustrated 'cause she can't have me. Look at her eyes when I'm around. Adoration, baby. Envy, too, 'cause she wishes she were Peggy Sue.

WWF: Ah, Peggy Sue. We were going to ask you about her.

Honky Tonk Man: You want beautiful? Peggy Sue's beautiful. True to the Honky Tonk Man. She's lucky 'cause she's my girlfriend and she knows it. Sweet Peggy Sue. The fans love her. They go wild when I introduce her in the ring. And she loves bein' there with the Honky Tonk Man. She's...

WWF: Enough about Peggy Sue. Looking back on your confrontations with Savage, it seems as if you've been lucky and that you had help from your friends. No doubt WWF officials are going to see that your matches are policed better. How do you rate your chances in a fair fight?

Honky Tonk Man: Luck? Help? The Honky Tonk Man didn't have any, and he don't need any. The Hon.....

Jimmy Hart (interrupting): You tell 'em, baby.

WWF: Mr. Hart, please. We're interested in the Honky Tonk Man's views, not yours. Now getting back to our question, Honky Tonk, do you think you can stand up to Randy Savage without help?

Honky Tonk Man: Who needs help against somebody who hides behind a woman's skirt?

WWF: There has been a huge swell of support for Savage from the fans. He's become an idol. A supportive crowd can give an athlete a shot in the arm —momentum. How can you offset Savage's Macho Madness?

Honky Tonk Man: Macho Madness is a farce. It's nothin' next to the support I get from my fans. They love me. They honor me. They're behind me all the way. Don't be fooled. When Savage and I've been in the ring, he tries to make you believe the cheers are for him. Ask the fans; they're for me. That's the support that keeps me winning.

Hart: They love him. He's the real king. They think...

WWF: Mr. Hart, do you want to wreck the interview?

Honky Tonk Man: My manager can speak for me.

WWF: No. We want it in your words. Now, another question.

Hart: OK, Honky, baby. Answer the man's questions.

WWF: Thanks. We'll ask Honky Tonk again. Aren't you worried about Savage?

Honky Tonk Man: I told you. No. I'm gonna put him away with my shake, rattle 'n' roll. I'm gonna make music on his head. Then, when he's down and out, I'm gonna party, party, party.

Hart: Wild. Wild. Honky's gonna have a party with old Randy.

WWF: That's what you say. Anyway, we'd like to know, while you're champion, how does it feel to hold the title?

Honky Tonk Man: Natural. It's right for me. And it's right for the fans. Gives them something to look up to.

WWF: Can't you say more than that?

Hart: Go on, Honky. Tell him. Tell him you're the greatest champion of all time.

Honky Tonk Man: That's true. There's never been a champion like me. I'm as great a wrestler as I am a musician, a singer. I'm the original king. I'm the spirit of rock 'n' roll. That says it all.

WWF: Let's continue this line of questioning. We'd like to know more about what's inside you. Complete this sentence. The Honky Tonk is a man who...

Honky Tonk Man: Who's the best and always will be.

Hart: The greatest, baby.

Honky Tonk: And whose music is loved by millions. Look

at my *Piledriver* video, baby. The fans packed the club to hear me. They went crazy, man, crazy.

WWF: That's what you say. But we saw the video. There's a disclaimer at the end that says those people were paid to be there. To cheer. They weren't fans. They were actors who…

Honky Tonk Man: They were actors who are my fans. They begged to be there. The producers paid them because it was in their contract. But they weren't there for pay. They were there because of me. Because my song is the best in the *Piledriver* album. The best song, period.

WWF: We'll admit it was nominated for the Slammys. But it didn't win. What have you got to say about that?

Honky Tonk Man: I won but Sika ate the envelope with the results in it. So nobody will ever know for sure.

WWF: We can't believe that. But let's get back to the ring. You seem to dismiss Randy Savage as a threat, now or in the future. Are you bluffing? Aren't you even a little worried?

Honky Tonk Man: I'm the future, baby. Savage is the past. He's going to end up a loser.

WWF: And how will you end up?

Honky Tonk Man: Champion. The greatest champion. For as long as I want.

WWF: Thank you for your time, Honky Tonk Man. But we can't help saying you just might be overconfident. WF

BATTLE OF THE TITANS

Exclusive coverage of a wrestling first

SURVIVOR SERIES

by Keith Greenberg

Wrestling fans will never forget the Thanksgiving of 1987.

With the unfinished turkey wrapped in cellophane in the refrigerator, followers carried their pumpkin pie into the television room. In almost 500,000 homes all over America, traditional family gatherings turned

The Rock revs up the Survivor Series *crowd in support of the Hulk Hogan team.*

into *WWF Survivor Series* fiestas.

The extravaganza, broadcast on pay-per-view outlets from the Richfield Coliseum in suburban Cleveland, featured 50 of the WWF's major stars in grueling combat. There were four events. Each pitted two teams against one another. One saw a team captained by WWF Champion Hulk Hogan against one led by Andre the Giant. The other had teams headed by Randy "Macho Man" Savage and the Honky Tonk Man, WWF Intercontinental Champion. A tag team contest featured one group under WWF Tag Team Champions Strike Force (Rick Martel and Tito Santana) vs. the band captained by the Hart Foundation, Bret "Hit Man" Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart.

Survivor Series rules were direct and rugged. Team members could tag in and out until eliminated. Once ousted, a wrestler had to leave the ringside area. In the case of tag teams, once a member of a duo was beaten, his partner had to leave also. Elimination meant that teams often had to fight against unequal numbers. In the end, the team with the last grappler in the ring was declared the winner.

The crowd watching the live event was agog. Here, in one place, an army of gladiators set out to do battle. And the battle was non-stop because of the unique rules of the Series. A man scoring a pinfall had to be instantly alert. The second he was declared victorious, another combatant was on him like a panther.

It was a night of historic images: a vengeful Randy "Macho Man" Savage flying across the ring after the Honky Tonk Man, a Japanese duo forging a place for themselves in the annals of women's wrestling, the largest tag team match ever, and former friends Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant continuing the bitter war begun at *WrestleMania III*.

CAPTAIN
RANDY "MACHO MAN" SAVAGE,
BRUTUS BEEFCAKE,
HACKSAW JIM DUGGAN,
RICKY "THE DRAGON"
STEAMBOAT &
JAKE "THE SNAKE" ROBERTS

VS.

CAPTAIN
THE HONKY TONK MAN,
KING HARLEY RACE,
HERCULES,
DANGEROUS DANNY DAVIS
& OUTLAW RON BASS

The Honky Tonk Man followed his team to the ring with manager Jimmy Hart and immediately riled the fans with a wiggling guitar performance. The arena mood shifted when Randy Savage's team filed down the aisle. The Macho Man's cape sparkled, his arms whirled and his athletic body sweated under the hot lights. His face was set with anger and intensity. The Honky Tonk Man had manhandled Savage's manager Elizabeth, and all the Macho Man could think of was punishment.

Thanksgiving was also going to be payback time for Hacksaw Jim Duggan. The proud, no-nonsense Duggan marched to the ring like a soldier, the 2x4 on his shoulder taking the place of a rifle, his sights set on King Harley Race. Race had attacked and humiliated Duggan during a television interview—alleged retribution for Hacksaw's stealing the self-proclaimed monarch's crown—and the Glens Falls, New York, tough guy was determined to see justice served. As everyone predicted, Duggan went right for the jugular. He stepped through the ropes and promptly clotheslined Race out of the ring. Duggan then followed the King onto the arena floor and unleashed a storm of punches on the tattooed vete-

Above: Randy "Macho Man" Savage sails into the Outlaw Ron Bass. Right: Hercules grits his teeth with effort as he works on Brutus Beefcake's arm.

ran. Both men were counted out.

Outlaw Ron Bass was sent in to wrestle Randy Savage, fueling speculation that the Honky Tonk Man was afraid to face the Macho Man one-on-one. Bass gripped Savage from the front and attempted to position him for the deadly gord-buster. Savage waited for the mustachioed Texan to loosen his footing on the mat and backdroppped him. The Outlaw reco-

Jake the Snake Roberts manhandles Dangerous Danny Davis during early action. Later, Jake DDT'd Davis and pinned him.

vered, placed his opponent in a headlock and backed into Savage's corner. While Bass' eyes were elsewhere, Macho Man tagged Beefcake. Then Savage bounced Bass off the ropes and floored him with a knee to the upper torso. Beefcake—the legal man in the ring—covered the confused son of the Lone Star State for the three-count.

Beefcake did not have a second to relish his victory. As soon as Bass was gone, the rest of Honky Tonk's team were right on top of Brutus, double- and triple-teaming to compensate for their lost comrade. After some rough going, Beefcake—pumped by the encouraging roar of his fans—gained the edge against Honky. The Barber weakened the Intercontinental Champion with a spine-jarring atomic drop and a

series of fists and elbows. When Beefcake went to propel himself off the ropes to continue the onslaught, though, Dangerous Danny Davis reached in and tripped him. The Honky Tonk Man pounced on Beefcake, neutralizing him with the shake, rattle 'n' roll neckbreaker.

Next Jake "The Snake" Roberts and Davis went at it. Davis, the New Hampshire bad boy, can pack a mean jab. But the Snake was ignited. His hard knuckles rattled Davis to the point where he was easy prey for Jake's DDT and pin combination.

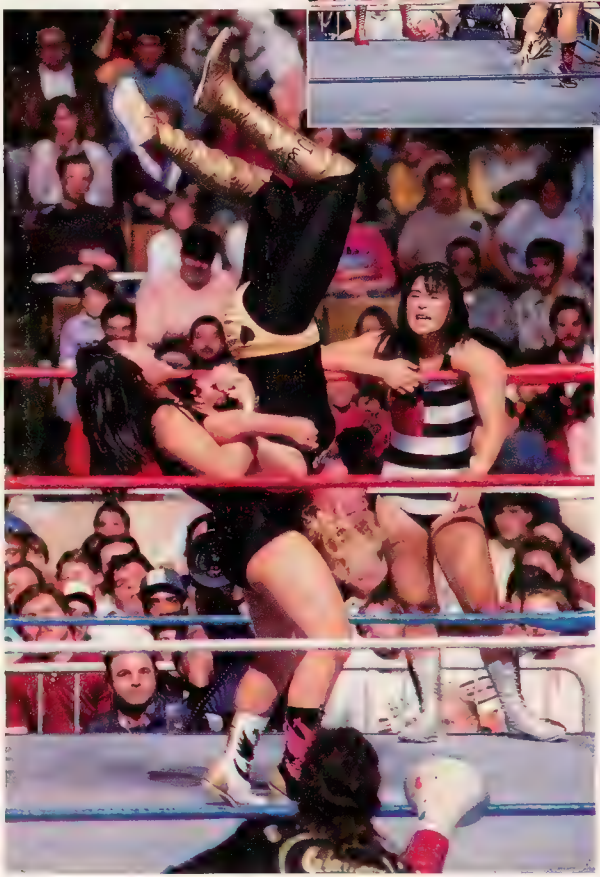
Honky Tonk's team was now outnumbered three to two. Hercules tried to even the odds by stomping Roberts, but the Snake made it to his corner and tagged Steamboat. The Dragon glided through the ropes, dishing out karate chops. He climbed the turnbuckles and sliced the side of his hand across Hercules' skull, floored Hercules with a bodyslam and tagged Savage. The arena crowd watched expectantly as the Macho Man mounted the ropes, sailed through the air and cracked his elbow into a fallen Hercules.

It was three against Honky Tonk Man. Macho Man executed an ax handle from the top turnbuckle. Scared for his life, the Honky Tonk Man probably made a wise choice when he retreated to the showers. Savage's team was awarded the win.

What was supposed to be a 10-woman match quickly boiled down to a confrontation between the two top tag teams in the world.

Judy Martin and Leilani Kai—the platinum-haired Glamour Girls—looked across the ring and saw a most familiar sight: the Jumping Bomb Angels, Itsuki Yamazaki and Noriyo Tateno, top-

The Jumping Bomb Angels overcame the larger Glamour Girls.



CAPTAIN
SENSATIONAL SHERRI,
DONNA CRISTIANELLO,
DAWN MARIE,
JUDY MARTIN &
LEILANI KAI

VS.

CAPTAIN
THE FABULOUS MOOLAH,
VELVET MCINTYRE,
ROCKIN' ROBYN,
ITSUKI YAMAZAKI &
NORIYO TATENO

seeded challengers for the women's tag team belts.

The Japanese combo dazzled the champs with synchronized moves, bodyslamming Kai and Martin simultaneously. Fans not wanting to chance missing an Angel speed maneuver hardly dared to blink. Yamazaki grabbed Martin's ankles, fell onto the canvas and slingshot Judy across the ring onto the prone Kai. Yamazaki climbed the buckles and conquered Kai with a cross-body-block and scored the pin.

Martin fought desperately against her lightning adversaries, but they successfully wore her down. Sensing defeat, Jimmy Hart, the Glamour Girls' worried manager, climbed onto the ring apron to distract the Angels. The alert Yamazaki went airborne, dropkicking him onto the arena floor. Meanwhile, Tateno captivated American watchers by clotheslining Martin from the top rope and wrapping her up for the win.

CAPTAINS
RICK MARTEL AND
TITO SANTANA,
B. BRIAN BLAIR AND
JUMPING JIM BRUNZELL,
JACQUES AND RAYMOND
ROUGEAU,
DAVEY BOY SMITH AND
DYNAMITE KID,
& JIM POWERS AND
PAUL ROMA

VS.

CAPTAINS
BRET "HIT MAN" HART AND
JIM "THE ANVIL" NEIDHART,
BORIS ZHUKOV AND
NIKOLAI VOLKOFF,
AX AND SMASH,
HAKU AND TAMA,
& DINO BRAVO AND
GREG "THE HAMMER"
VALENTINE

The top 10 tag teams in the world ascended the ring stairs in this battle for tag team survival. The ring apron was lined with muscle as competitors waiting their turn gripped the ring ropes and watched partners locked in squared-circle combat.

Above: Neidhart tries to crack the back of Jim Powers. Right: Bret "Hit Man" Hart suplexes Powers to the mat.

The first duo dispensed of was the Bolsheviks. Rick Martel ducked under a Boris Zhukov clothesline and used a flying forearm to put the odds at ten-to-eight for the Strike Force side.

Demolition evened the contest

when Ax tossed his body on top of Jacques Rougeau after the French Canadian missed a high cross-bodyblock.

The Hart Foundation pooled their resources to rid the competition of the pair who beat them for the WWF Championship, Strike Force. Bret Hart illegally snuck through the ropes and brought an elbow down on Tito Santana's back as the popular Mexican was trying to pin the Anvil. Neidhart then rolled Tito over for the pin and covered him.

The granite skull of Haku the Islander accounted for the next change. The Polynesian, sprawled on the mat, appeared to be an ideal target for the Dynamite Kid's flying headbutt. But when craniums crashed, it was the British Bulldog who was dizzy. Haku thrust a reverse kick into Dynamite's throat, and the United Kingdom two were gone.

The Young Stallions, Jim Powers and Paul Roma, followed by proving the truth of their nickname, "the upset kids." Experienced Greg Valentine turned his back on Powers while clamping on the figure four leglock. The youthful Powers shoved Valentine away with a kick and quickly tagged Roma. While Greg was attempting to reapply the hold on Jim, Roma sunset flipped The Hammer from the top rope, sending Valentine and Bravo packing.

Jumping Jim Brunzell held his ground in the ring while the Islanders and Hart Foundation dealt themselves a loss. Brunzell was in the process of bodyslamming Bret Hart when Tama the Islander tried to knock the Hit Man on top of the Killer Bee Brunzell and Hart fell to the mat, with Jumping Jim allowing the momentum of the blow to roll his body on top of Bret's to gain a fall. Goodbye, Hart Foundation.

The Islanders were alone against the Bees and Stallions. Haku and Tama were impressive combating their four foes. The Tongan tandem battered Brunzell, then Powers, then Blair. The Killer Bees were forced to rely on their "mask confusion" tactic to take the win. While the referee tended to Roma and Powers duking it out

with Haku on the arena floor, Brunzell tried to sunset flip Tama in the ring. Tama broke up the move by grabbing the ropes. Without tagging his partner, Blair donned his Bee mask, shot over the top rope and sunset flipped Tama—in time for the ref to see the pin and award the match to the Bees and the Stallions.

CAPTAIN
ANDRE THE GIANT,
ONE MAN GANG,
"THE NATURAL" BUTCH REED,
KING KONG BUNDY &
RAVISHING RICK RUDE

VS.

CAPTAIN
HULK HOGAN,
PAUL "MR. WONDERFUL"
ORNDORFF,
"THE ROCK" DON MURACO,
KEN PATERA &
BAM BAM BIGELOW

It was the time for the main event. WWF Champion Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant entered with their teams to thunderous applause from the crowd. Still smarting from his betrayal by Andre, Hogan entered the ring swinging the American flag with eyes blazing. As the crowd roared, he ripped off his shirt, displaying his enormous "pythons." From across the ring, he showed Andre his belt and challenged the huge Frenchman to take it.

Hogan went in first against Butch Reed and eliminated him with a legdrop. Celebrating, the champ high-fived Ken Patera, then prepared to rip into Andre, who was about to enter the fray. Andre stepped into the ring, and the arena shook with anticipation. Ref Joey Marella spoiled the fun. Patera was holding the tag rope when he accepted the champion's high-five, Marella said, thus Ken, not Hulk, was the legal man in the ring. Seeing he would not be against Hogan, Andre tagged out.

The powerful Patera would be the next to exit. After fighting free from a quadruple-teaming in the enemy corner, Patera focused his energies on One Man Gang. Ken whipped the monster into the ropes and tried a clothesline. Gang fell on top of Patera, pinning the ex-weightlifter.

Then came a confrontation between Rude and Orndorff. After backdropping Rude, Orndorff prepared to mete out his skull-knocking piledriver; but Bundy zapped him from behind, and Rude covered Mr. Wonderful to win this chapter of their war.

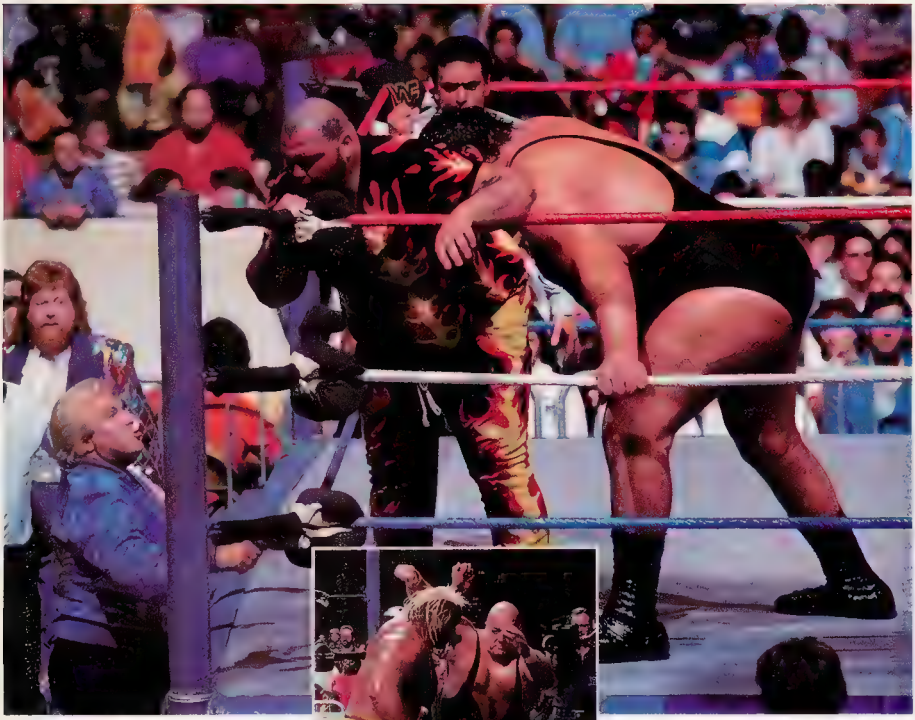
Rude taunted a departing Orndorff by flexing in center ring. Muraco snuck behind the arrogant youngster, humbling him with an atomic drop and clothesline. Next, Bigelow entered, suplexing Rude. Hogan came in and administered an Irish whip and high knee in the face. Then Muraco returned to powerslam Rude and get the pin.

Several minutes later, Muraco was bested when One Man Gang tossed the Rock into Andre's extended fist. Muraco fell backward, and Gang splashed him.

The moment fans had waited for occurred after Bam Bam, up against Andre, evaded a punch by rolling across the mat and tagging Hogan. Hogan came into the ring, shaking with fury. He kicked Andre in the abdomen and backed him into the turnbuckles with five right jabs. The assailed Giant clutched Hogan's head and tried to butt the titlist. Hogan blocked the blow and choked his former friend. Andre chopped the champ, who would not allow himself to show pain. Exhibiting superhuman strength and drive, Hulk rammed Andre's head into the buckles and repeated the action on the other side of the ring. He staggered the Giant with an elbow and—in an attempt to increase the impact of a subsequent blow—bounced off the ropes. Before he could reach Andre, Hogan was tripped by King Kong Bundy, who reached in and pulled him out of the ring. As Andre watched contentedly from between the ropes, the

Tama the Islander tangles with a buzzing-mad Killer Bee.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS



Andre drives a massive shoulder to Bam Bam Bigelow's spine. Bigelow was put out by the Giant. Inset: Hulk and Bundy battle outside the ring.

champion fought Bundy and Gang on the arena floor. The Hulkster bodyslammed both behemoths but was counted out and ordered to return—frustrated—to the lockers.

Now Bam Bam Bigelow had to prove he was a survivor. It wasn't easy, matched against the almost surreal bulk of Andre, Bundy and Gang. The agile Asbury Park, New Jersey, fireball moved out of the way of a rampaging Bundy, watching King Kong slam into the corner post. Bigelow stepped onto the ring apron, cannon-balled himself over the ropes and scored a fall over Bundy.

One Man Gang was the next threat. After ramming Bam Bam's head into Andre's size-24 boot, Gang perched himself on the top rope and leapt. Bigelow rolled out of the way, draped a tired arm over Gang's body, and the battle was one-on-one.

The Giant could see that Bigelow was exhausted. Bam Bam started toward the Giant, who moved out of the way. Bam Bam hit the turnbuckles, and Andre came up to drive a shoulder into the spine. When the Giant executed a double underhook suplex, nobody expected Bigelow to get up. He didn't.

Hulk Hogan was not ready to call it a night. As Andre and his manager Bobby "The Brain" Heenan exalted in the *Survivor Series* triumph, the champ roared down the aisle, bashing the Giant with the belt. Surprised, Andre slid out of the ring, collected his thoughts and attempted to re-enter. Heenan held his charge back. This skirmish was won, the manager said. He promised that there would be other nights to finish the war with Hogan. WF

CREATED COMBAT

What Force Drives The Ultimate Warrior?

History abounds with tales of men who were born and lived for combat. Confrontation, battle and the lust for overcoming other men by strength of sinew and muscle, courage and fearlessness gave their lives meaning.

Think about them. The Greek hero Achilles at the siege of Troy. The Roman swordsman Horatius standing alone on a bridge against an enemy army that threatened his native city. The Spartan Leonidas in a death fight against the hordes of Persia in a narrow pass at Thermopylae. Ragnar the Viking striking fear into the hearts of British and Irish monks and peasants. Jim Bowie at the Alamo. Sergeant York in World War I. Audie Murphy in World

Whack! The Ultimate Warrior blasts Steve Lombardi. The Warrior totally dominated the veteran grappler from Brooklyn, both physically and psychologically. Lombardi was sent reeling time after time. Overawed by the Ultimate Warrior's aggressive energy, Lombardi, a tough competitor and vicious brawler, was beaten from the start of the match.

War II. They were warriors, in the truest sense of the word.

Legend and fiction also tell of such men, warriors of myth and mystery. Out of the minds of writers have been born fighting men who stood tall above everyone else—Conan the Barbarian, Luke Skywaker, John Carter of Mars.

Other men envy the complete warrior, be he out of fact or fiction. He stands for all they wish they could be. His physical prowess cows the rest of us. Fear has no meaning to him. And, above all, the risk involved in a one-on-one clash with an equal, or near equal, is his glory. Wouldn't you like to be James Bond? Or the Terminator? How about Clint Eastwood?

Is the preceding writing philosophical junk with no business in this magazine? It might have been. No longer. Into the mat wars of the World Wrestling Federation has come an iron-thewed young man, face splashed with war paint, eyes afire with battle lust, who makes all of the above worth pondering. There is something about him that evokes the image of a warrior's essence. Other men come to the ring for fame, money, demonstration of athletic prowess, desire to prove themselves by humbling other males. Not the fierce-eyed man of whom we write. He comes for combat. And maybe, just maybe, he is here because the WWF ring is the only place he can find what he wants. What does he want? It appears to be a basic struggle against the strongest, most athletic men in the world, warriors in their own right. What better place to prove oneself worthy of the name that is his trumpet call —the Ultimate Warrior.

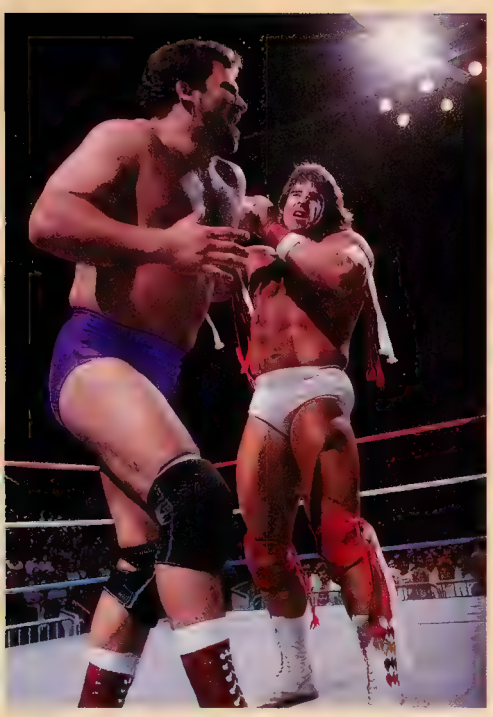
He doesn't talk much about himself. He is a loner. In the locker room, amidst the sweat, the smell of liniment, and trainers hurrying to tape wrists, knuckles and knees, he remains aloof. He stands aside, alone, while he appears to meditate.

It's scary to watch him. The muscles of his magnificent body tense, his fingers knot into iron fists, and his eyes—that's it, his eyes—fire. Believe what you want. He seems to be remembering past battles, the screaming noise of war and conflict, and the red roar of victory over the enemy.

This guy is something else. Although he has not been around long, he's triggered a shock wave. Grappling pundits have not had the time to analyze his strength, moves, technical skill or ring strategy, but they have been rocked by his explosiveness. It is as if he is transformed into another time and place once the fists fly, feet thud into flesh and arms are twisted.

Combat gives him energy. Maybe that's hard to believe, but it happens. Consider a recent match with WWF veteran Steve Lombardi a strong, cagey matman who has been in with the best.

At the opening bell, Lombardi and the Ultimate Warrior faced off.



Left: Lombardi cries "uncle" as his arm feels the pressure put on by the Ultimate Warrior. The Warrior's tactics use his great strength. He frequently starts his attack by working on his opponent's arms until they weaken. Right: Then the Warrior goes for a takedown, such as an armdrag, that takes advantage of the weakened limb.

They circled one another. And then came the eyes. The eyes of the Ultimate Warrior cut through Lombardi. They were orbs of fire and ice, and people close to the ring quivered because those eyes seemed to tell of endless battles,today, yesterday, on this planet and elsewhere—no one knows where.

It was all over from that point, although Lombardi tried his best. Sensing he was dead meat against a war god, Lombardi surged into his opponent, kneeing, slugging and butting. The Brooklyn battler knew there was no time for finesse. He realized his only chance was to strike hard and fast and hope for a quick, demobilizing blow. It didn't work. The Ultimate Warrior took some of the shots, evaded others, and then erupted.

Chops rained on Lombardi's face. A knife-edged hand, powered by a massive arm with war pendants flying, cracked into

Combat gives him energy. It's scary to watch. He seems to be remembering past battles.

the Brooklyn wrestler. Lombardi cringed, then retreated.

Lombardi backpedaled, caught his breath and tried a desperation tactic. He put up both hands in supplication, begging for mercy. It was an attempt to sucker the Ultimate Warrior and then hook a left to his face. The warrior caught the left and put on an armbar that made Lombardi's face contort in pain. To his credit, he did not scream. A moment later, the arm of the Ultimate Warrior shifted, his legs tensed and released, and Lombardi went head over heels to the mat. The Ultimate Warrior smashed down on him like an A-bomb, hooked his leg, and the match was over.

The fire in the eyes died as the Ultimate Warrior's hand was raised in victory. The combat was over. The thrill was gone. No meaning in life, until the next combat.

As we said, he's scary. And wouldn't we all like to be Ultimate Warriors? WF

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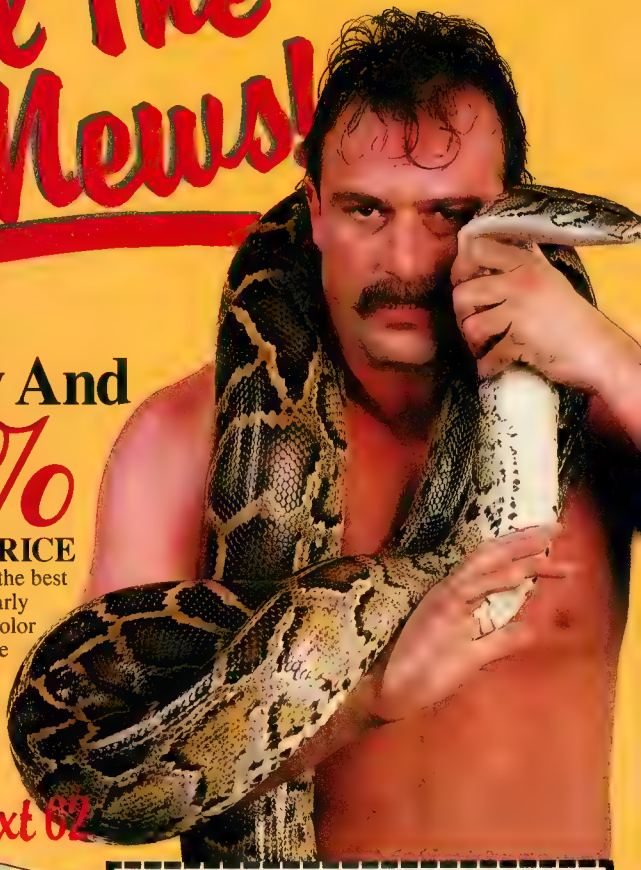

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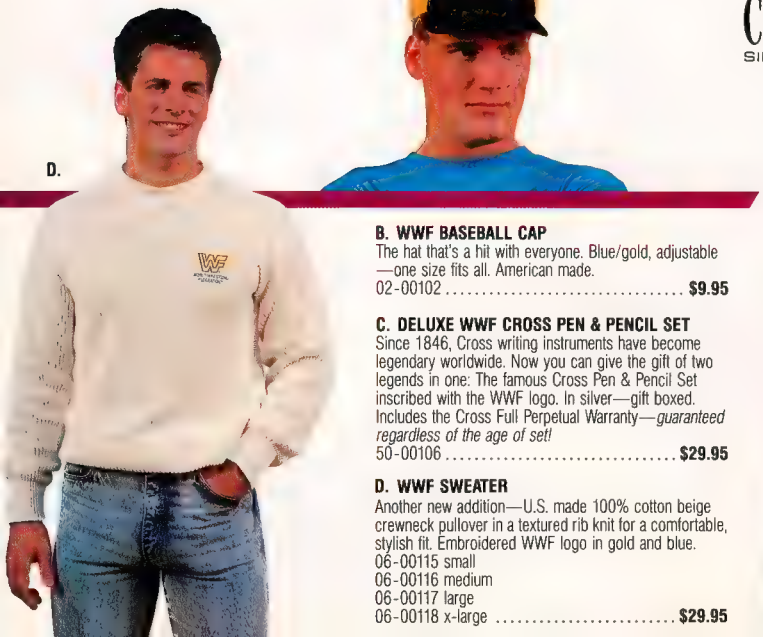

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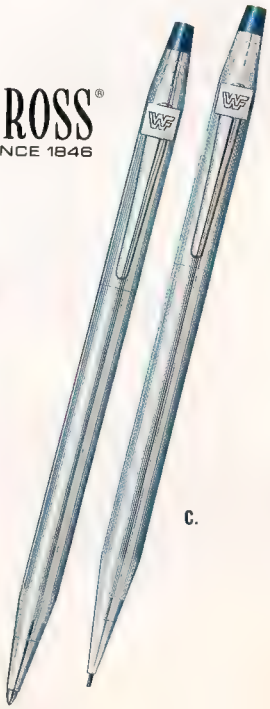

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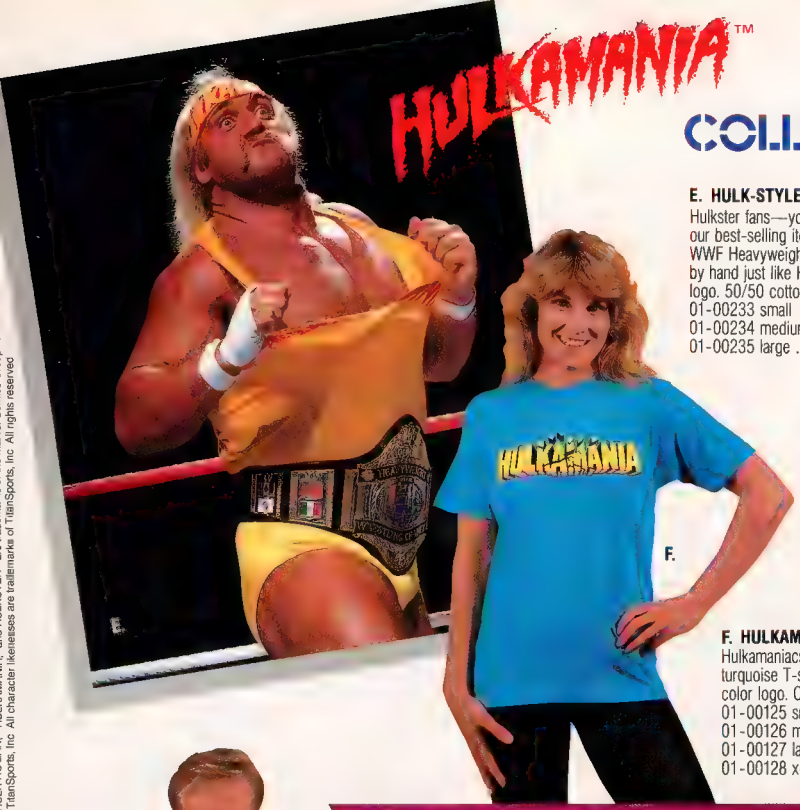

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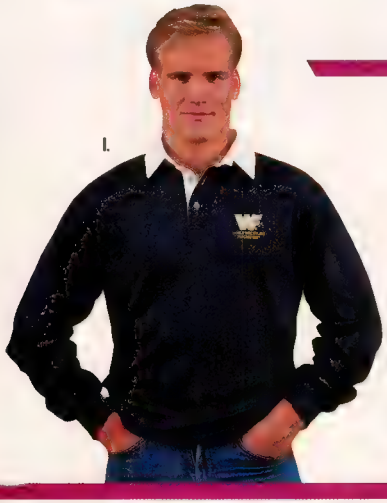

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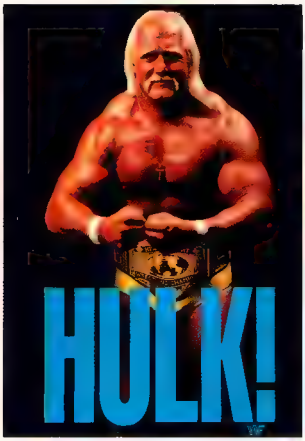

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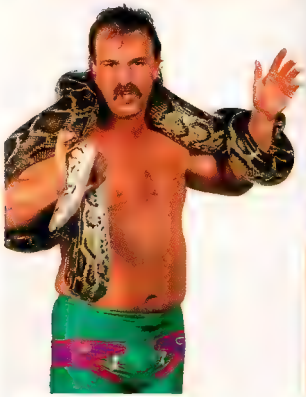

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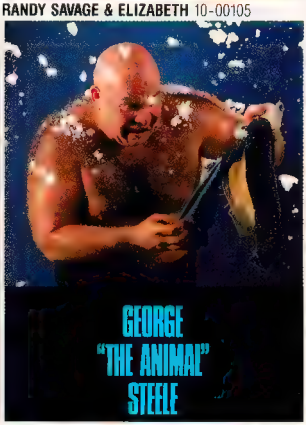

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The 1987 Slammy Awards

It was flashier than two comets colliding over a volcanic eruption, hammier than a pork store, more Hollywood than Hollywood—everything you always wanted to see in an awards show but hadn't.

It was the World Wrestling Federation's 37th Annual Slammy Awards. And Oscar, Tony and Emmy are crying envious tears.

From the theatrical acceptance speeches to the showy outfits to the extravagant dance numbers—featuring the exquisite Slammy Dancers and Showgirls—it was a spectacle.

And, still, nobody knows who won the big prize.

Few sites are qualified to host a production so extravagant—and Caesars, Atlantic City, is one of them. The hotel and casino has featured such top-of-the-line acts as Joan Rivers, George Burns and Rudolf Nureyev. But the 1,100 decked-out high rollers who crammed the resort's Circus Maximus theater—as well as those tuning in to the syndicated broadcast on 131 television stations—were not prepared for the dazzling starburst of WWF talent. Ask any member of the

The 1987 Slammy Awards featured a bevy of WWF wrestling superstars and personalities.

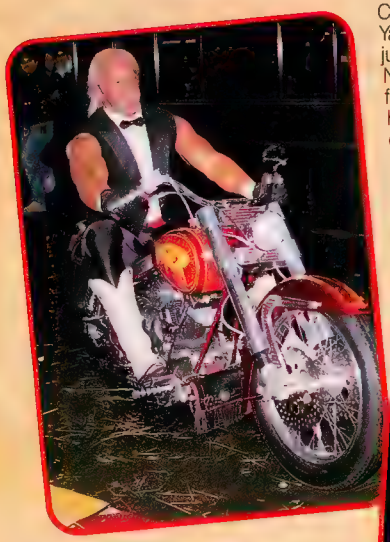
The 1987 Slammy Awards

bedecked with hearts and valentines. Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake came in a rolling barber shop—and was still snipping away on a customer when he arrived. Strike Force cruised in a shiny black 'vette. Randy "Macho Man" Savage and Elizabeth rode in a long, elegant limo. Bam Bam Bigelow blazed in from nearby Asbury Park in a red, T-bucket, hot rod roadster. The Honky Tonk Man and date Peggy Sue shimmied up in an early '60s classic Caddy convertible. Junk Yard Dog drove a rattling junk truck. Slick and the Natural Butch Reed exited from a garish jivemobile. Hacksaw Jim Duggan's customized pickup was the envy of good ol' boys everywhere. George "The Animal" Steele was true to his primitive reputation, pedaling toward the hotel on a bicycle. George had some trouble figuring out where the front door was—he drove right past it—but Mean Gene chased the Animal down and showed him the way.

Almost as eye-catching as the vehicles were the fashions. The Slammy Awards are a formal affair, but a look at the 40-plus matmen attending proved that there are many ways to define "formal."

Sensational Sherri wore a stunning red dress and white, fluffy fringes. Hercules opted for armor and a red cape. Bobby "The Brain" Heenan affixed a sparkly silver bow tie to his black neck brace. Slick looked dapper in gold lamé top hat and tails. Rick Rude and the Ultimate Warrior—face paint and all—forgot to include shirts in their tux outfits. Hacksaw Jim Duggan placed a black bow tie on his 2x4.

With the swells checking out each other's attire from their seats, the six-piece Slammy Band—headed by composer Jim Johnston—began a rollicking riff, and announcer Vince McMahon greeted the audience. No doubt swept up in the spirit of the moment, Vince sounded like a Southern preacher pontificating that the Slammys are a "tribute to



roulette table set, and you'll hear how the Slammys left an indelible mark on this boardwalk town of jackpots and dreams.

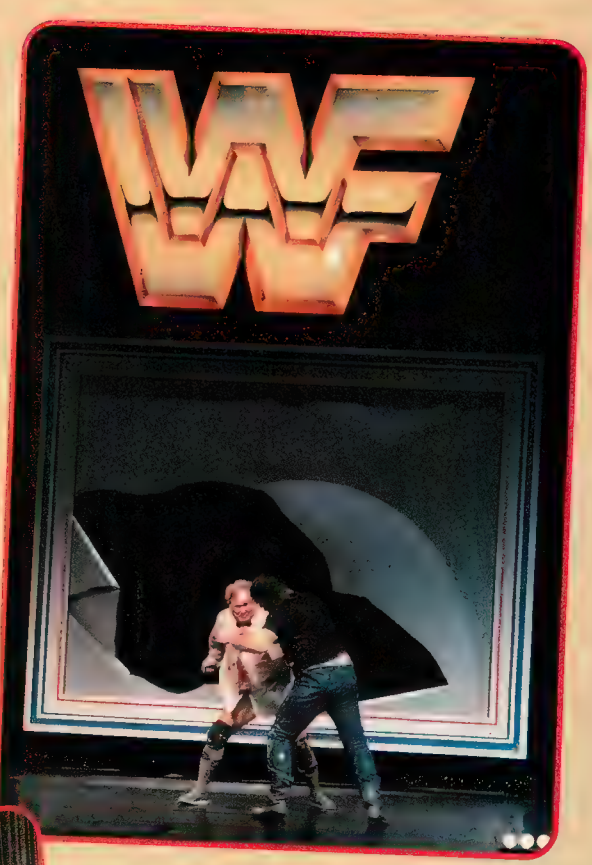
Competitors began vying for attention before they even entered the ornate hotel. As announcer Mean Gene Okerlund stood in front of Caesars to interview arriving attendees, strollers gasped over wrestlers' extraordinary modes of transportation. Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart, Bret "Hit Man" Hart, Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart and Greg "The Hammer" Valentine came in an emergency vehicle appropriately

Above: Hulk Hogan arrives at Caesar's for the Awards. Right: Vince McMahon says, "Stand Back."

the blood, the sweat and the tears that lie beneath all the glitter and glamour." The revival meeting was interupted by Mean Gene Okerlund and Jesse "The Body" Ventura, who explained that Slammy votes are compiled by the WWF Academy of Sports and Sciences (A.S.S.). Ventura quickly concluded that WWF President Jack Tunney is "Jack from A.S.S."

As a gorgeous Slammy Showgirl held the prestigious award—a gold trophy depicting one muscleman bodyslamming another—Okerlund and Ventura introduced the first category: best performance by an animal. George "The Animal" Steele won, but he seemed unaware of what a Slammy was. Upon hearing his name, he ripped off his shirt and raced, arms flailing, around the excited audience. When the showgirl handed him his award, he decided that she was a better gift and chased her backstage.

When Hacksaw Jim Duggan presented the best-dressed award, he was shocked and mortified to discover that archenemy King Harley Race was the winner.



Below: A modest Mean Gene covers up Rude. Right: Race and Duggan tangle on stage.

To add insult to injury, Race's manager, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan, insisted that Duggan bow to "the king" like a "humanoid subject." The result was a brawl that ripped from the stage through the backstage area with the force of a tornado. Stagehands stood by helplessly as Race and Duggan destroyed props, knocked over food and even managed to cover one another with it. They ended up bursting back onto the stage in the middle of another presentation.

A similar situation almost occurred when Elizabeth accepted her Woman of the Year prize from the Honky Tonk Man. Declaring that the lovely manager—elegantly attired in a strapless powder pink gown—had a crush on him, Honky made a romantic advance toward her. Randy "Macho Man" Savage, watching from the audience, raced onto the stage to defend his adviser's honor. Before the rivals could lock up, Honky fled.

One can only speculate about what would have occurred if Ravishing Rick Rude had presented the award. Rude won the Jesse "The Body" Ventura trophy, becoming the night's biggest ham in the process. Rude left his

The 1987 Slammy Awards

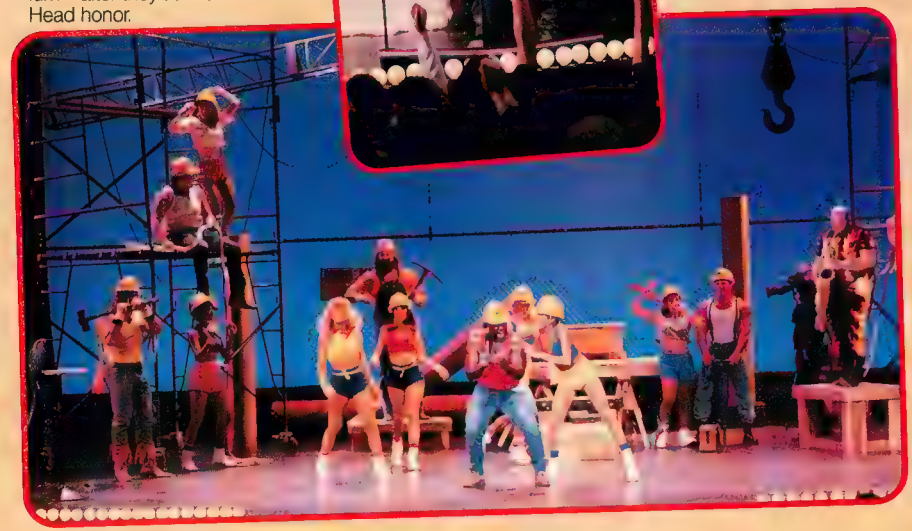
seat and gyrated—rather than walked—to the stage. Shaking, well, er *Rudely*, he tossed off his jacket, snapped off his bow tie and peeled off his pants. When he went for his skivvies, Mean Gene intervened, frantically wrapping a towel around "The Ravishing One."

In fact, it seemed that Okerlund was around whenever the unexpected was manifesting itself. When he was about to present the Humanitarian Award, he was mugged by Ted DiBiase and Virgil. Clamping his hand over Mean Gene's mouth, Virgil told jeering spectators that the Million Dollar Man was the winner. Later on, bald Bam Bam Bigelow drew red flames on Okerlund's shiny cranium—after they tied for the Best Head honor.

The most poignant moment of the night, though, belonged to Superstar Billy Graham. Graham, who wrestled courageously in 1987 with an artificial hip, was given the Hulk Hogan "Real American" trophy by WWF Champion Hulk Hogan. The Hulkster said that Graham, forced to retire after a double-teaming by Butch Reed and Slick, exemplified the American qualities of "integrity, perseverance and an undying faith in himself and his country." Superstar's admiration for the Hulkster was evident in his acceptance speech. He praised the champ as the example for all Americans the world over. The two men began to exit the stage, but then Hulk stopped dead center, took away the Superstar's cane and cracked it across his own knee. Then the Hulk encouraged the Superstar to pose with him, both men flexing their well-developed pythons. Hardly an eye was dry as the two men walked proudly from the stage.

Only the cheers raining down on them surpassed the ovation for the finely choreographed production numbers. In addition to being both a prestige and posing event, the Slammys are a night of music and dancing—sometimes from the most unexpected sources:

* Jesse "The Body" Ventura played the piano with his feet, while the Honky Tonk Man, Jimmy Hart and the Slammy Dancers performed *The Honky Tonk Man* from *Piledriver.*
* Bam Bam Bigelow emptied his hefty lungs into a saxophone during Koko B. Ware's rendition of *Piledriver.* Koko, Bigelow, Hillbilly



Below: Koko B. Ware sets the tone for Piledriver. *Left: Hacksaw Jim Duggan holds up the trophy he received for best vocal performance.*

Strike Force rumbles on stage, stealing the thunder from Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart as he sang Girls in Cars.

Jim, Outback Jack, the Ultimate Warrior, the British Bulldogs and the Haiti Kid—along with the heavenly Slammy Dancers in hot pants—dressed as construction workers on a stage complete with a crane, chain-link fence and scaffolding.

* Jimmy Hart sang *Girls In Cars* while Slammy Dancers wheeled by him on roller skates and skate boards, and in a surrey with a fringe on top. The manager's thunder was stolen by Strike Force, zooming onto the stage on Yamaha 350s. While the ladies mobbed the handsome tag team champions, a complaining Hart was carried off stage by an obese woman dressed as a yellow school bus. Just Jimmy's luck.

* Vince McMahon, sharp in a vest and ruffled pink tuxedo shirt, dished out a down-and-dirty performance of *Stand Back*. Vince was backed by Hulk Hogan, who had a bass solo, and a horn section of Randy Savage, Brutus Beefcake, Junk Yard Dog, Jake "The Snake" Roberts and the Killer Bees. The throaty announcer at one point joined a wiggling dance line of Slammy Dancers and showed that he could groove with the best of them.

In the musical climax, virtually all the gladiators in the audience poured onto the stage to sing *If You Only Knew*. Referee Joey Marella attempted to keep order, standing between Hulk Hogan, Hacksaw Jim Duggan and friends on the left of the stage, and Ted DiBiase, Butch Reed and company on the right.

At the song's end, Mean Gene and Jesse stood in front of the burly chorus, ready to pronounce the winner of the Slammy for the best song, the highlight of the night. Okerlund lifted the envelope, but when he went to open it, Jimmy Hart snatched the precious paper and handed it to DiBiase. An indignant Okerlund insisted that the envelope be returned—as it was passed to Mr. Fuji, the Honky Tonk Man, Bret Hart, Smash from Demolition, the One Man Gang and finally to Sika, who ate it.

So the outcome of an evening of show biz and pageantry was an unanswered mystery in the stomach of the wild-eyed Samoan. It was baffling, and it was nonsensical, and it was outrageous. And it was Slammys all the way. WF

THE 1987 SLAMMY AWARDS RESULTS

CATEGORY: *Best Performance by an Animal*
WINNER: *George "The Animal" Steele*
NOMINEES: *Damian the Snake, Frankie the Bird Matilda the Bulldog*

CATEGORY: *Best Personal Hygiene*
WINNER: *The Bolshevicks and Slick*
NOMINEES: *Sika, Hillbilly Jim, George Steele, King Kong Bundy*

CATEGORY: *Best Dressed*
WINNER: *King Harley Race*
NOMINEES: *Demolition, Randy "Macho Man" Savage, Honky Tonk Man, British Bulldogs*

CATEGORY: *Best Group*
WINNER: *One Man Gang (Write-in Choice)*
NOMINEES: *Hart Foundation, Heenan Family, NFL Players Association, Grateful Dead*

CATEGORY: *Woman of the Year*
WINNER: *Elizabeth*
NOMINEES: *Sensational Sherri, Fabulous Moolah, Dolly Parton, Yoko Ono*

CATEGORY: *Jesse "The Body" Ventura Award*
WINNER: *Ravishing Rick Rude*
NOMINEES: *Butch Reed, Ultimate Warrior, Hercules, Sensational Sherri*

CATEGORY: *Greatest Hits of 1987*
WINNER: *Hacksaw Jim Duggan*
NOMINEES: *Andre the Giant, Honky Tonk Man, Strike Force, Bam Bam Bigelow*

CATEGORY: *Manager of the Year*
NOMINEES: *Slick, Jimmy Hart, Mr. Fuji, Bobby Heenan*
WINNER: *None of the Above*

CATEGORY: *Hulk Hogan "Real American" Award*
WINNER: *Superstar Billy Graham*

CATEGORY: *Best Vocal Performance*
WINNER: *Hacksaw Jim Duggan (for his howl)*
NOMINEES: *Junk Yard Dog (for his bark), One Man Gang (for his bellow), Jimmy Hart (for his megaphone), George Steele (for his wail)*

CATEGORY: *Humanitarian of the Year*
WINNER: *Ted DiBiase**
NOMINEES: *Cory Aquino, Bob Hope, Pope John Paul II, Rose Kennedy, Mother Teresa*
**DiBiase won through extortion*

CATEGORY: *Best Head*
WINNER: *Bam Bam Bigelow/Gene Okerlund (Tie)*
NOMINEES: *Boris Zhukov, King Kong Bundy, Haiti Kid*

CATEGORY: *Bobby "The Brain" Heenan Scholarship*
NOMINEES: *The Islanders, Andre the Giant, Hercules, King Kong Bundy, Harley Race*
WINNER: *All of the above*

CATEGORY: *Best Song*
WINNER: *?????????????? Forever to remain a secret (Sika ate the results)*
NOMINEES: *Piledriver, Stand Back, Girls In Cars, If You Only Knew*

His Bucks Buy Andre

DiBiase Says He'll Own Hulk's Title

Editor's note: *Events in the WWF are happening more quickly than ever before, with the emergence of Ted DiBiase as a man of immense financial power that has impact on the squared circle. This article offers insights and analysis of the possible repercussions of DiBiase's latest move, the purchase of Andre the Giant's contract.*

Ted DiBiase, the Million Dollar Man, was uncharacteristically ruffled. His face was flushed with anger. For the first time in his free-spending life, his endless money had not bought him what he wanted most. Megabucks had been tossed back into his face.

"No way, man. Never. Not for any amount of money."

That's what World Wrestling Federation Champion Hulk Hogan told a frustrated DiBiase after the man with the dollars had offered to buy the title from the Hulkster for a king's—or, better, an emperor's—ransom.

What happened has already been reported in the last issue of this magazine. Hulk turned DiBiase down flat. "Take the title in the ring, brother, not with your wallet" was what Hulk told the man who thought he could buy what Hogan had earned through blood, sweat and tears.

Well, now we all know DiBiase was not flustered for long. In fact, this cold, calculating manager of money had a backup plan, just in case the Hulkster did as DiBiase hoped he wouldn't. Ted has purchased the contract of Andre the Giant from the master manipulator of managers, Bobby "The Brain" Heenan.

"If I have Andre," says DiBiase, "I have the title."

DiBiase's pronouncement came late in December, when the sale of the Giant's contract was announced. From what has transpired, DiBiase obviously knew he was not just buying the greatest contender for the title, but a scheme, perhaps concocted by Heenan, that would practically place the championship in Andre's—and DiBiase's—hands. As detailed in the story accompanying this article, Andre launched a ferocious attack on the champion at the finish of a match in which Hulkster pinned King Kong Bundy. He choked and battered Hogan, who was saved only by the intervention of other wrestlers from the dressing room. Next a match between Hulk and Andre was signed for NBC network television, live, on February 5. The monumental confrontation was too late for this magazine to cover, although we will bring you what happened in the next issue. Whatever, it is evident that DiBiase and Heenan had made a deal that had the potential to give both men their greatest wishes. Heenan would be infinitely wealthy and see his greatest dream come true—the defeat and humiliation of Hulk Hogan. DiBiase could prove once and for all that his philosophy of life was supreme—money can buy anything. And, for Andre, there was the chance to attain the goal that has so festered in his soul it has turned the gentle Giant into a monster of mayhem—he would, once and for all, be recognized as the supreme force in international athletics, the WWF World Champion.

When the DiBiase-Heenan deal was announced, the world wondered why the Brain would give up the mighty mountain of a man who could bring home the world title. Heenan, in fact, had been outraged when DiBiase had attempted to buy the title from Hogan.

"Unfair," shouted Heenan. "Andre should have the chance to take the title in the ring."

How quickly things change! DiBiase waved more green in front of Heenan than even the high-living Beverly Hills bon vivant had ever seen. And the Million Dollar Man promised resources that would give Andre a massive

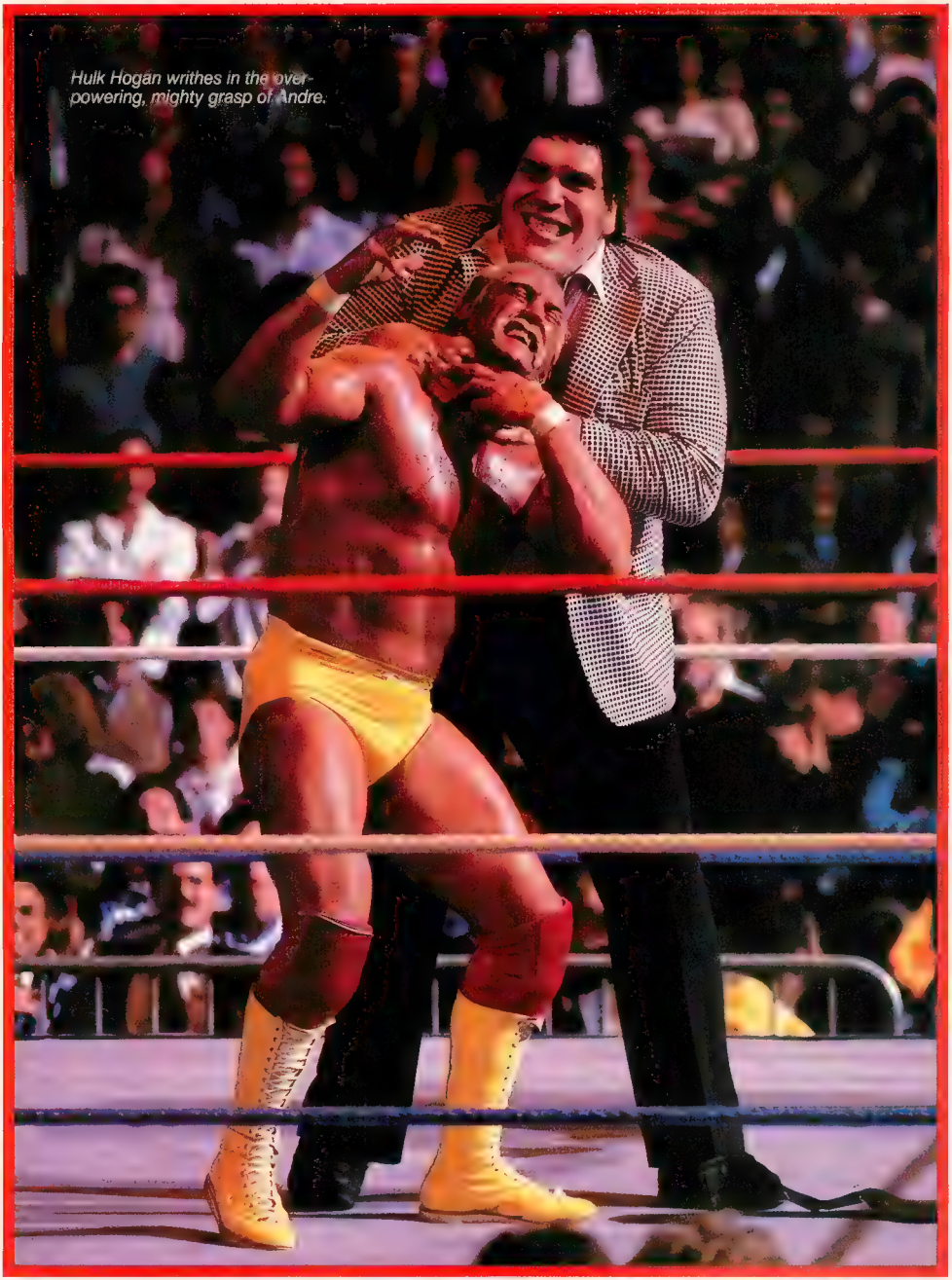
WWF commentator Craig DeGeorge stretches to get Andre the Giant's comments about the DiBiase deal. DeGeorge's arm blocks out Heenan, who rarely is cut out of anything. DiBiase, with his manservant Virgil, looks on smugly.

advantage, such as a private, world-class gym staffed by the best professional trainers, in which Andre could become more of a Giant than before.

Once DiBiase has control of the title, moreover, he can make things happen in the WWF—and that means promote the wrestlers who remain in Heenan's stable.

Bobby Heenan is smiling like the cat that ate the canary. He no longer has to take a risk, but he has all the money he wants and the chance to see Hogan humbled. More than anything, he wants to see the title strap ripped off Hogan. Now all Heenan has to do is stand by and watch—and he's been paid for it.

One way or the other, the purchase of Andre's contract by DiBiase has added an astounding new dimension to the earth-shaking feud between Hogan and Andre. It could well be the straw on the camel's back, the fuse that ignites the explosion that brings Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant together in the final, ultimate confrontation, deciding once and for all who stands atop the wrestling world. WF



Hulk Hogan writhes in the over-powering, mighty grasp of Andre.

GIANT ATROCITY

ANDRE ATTACKS THE HULKSTER

By Keith Greenberg

Editor's note: *By now the world knows that WWF Champion Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant have met for the title (February) in a match that, at press time, promised to be a world-shaker. The report below describes the shocking incident that led to the February 5 confrontation.*

World Wrestling Federation Champion Hulk Hogan was understandably leery when he arrived at the ring for a match with King Kong Bundy televised January 2 from the Capital Centre in Landover, Maryland. The 460-pound Bundy had brought along a friend even larger than he. Looming behind Bundy's corner was Andre the Giant, the mountain of a man who claims he is the true WWF Champion.

Andre was there to give advice and counsel to Bundy and to distract Hogan from the task at hand. The Giant drew Hogan's attention immediately. As the champ's theme song *Real American* was drowned out by his fans' thunderous cheers, Hogan pointed across the ring at Andre in a manner that showed defiance and challenge. Cupping his hand to his ear, the Hulkster induced

GIANT ATROCITY

The Hulkster works on the arm of King Kong Bundy before pinning and defeating him.

the crowd to cheer louder, sending a powerful message to the jealous Giant that Hogan was tops in the hearts of fans.

Even as the bell rang, opening the bout, Hogan's eyes were still on Andre, allowing Bundy to twice lock up with the champion and power him into the ropes. Quickly, however, Hogan turned his concentration on Bundy. As they hooked up collar to elbow, Hogan muscled Bundy to the turnbuckles. The crowd cheered, and Hogan responded by flexing. Seeing an opening, Bundy charged. Hogan's posing, it turned out, was a move to sucker Bundy. The Champion quickly sidestepped the stampede, and Bundy smashed into the corner.

Hogan grabbed the challenger's bald dome and drove it into the turnbuckles on three sides of the ring, then drove a toe to his throat that sent him outside the ring. There, Bundy recovered and conferred with Andre, who whispered in King Kong's ear.

As fans stood up and stomped their feet in support of Hogan, the champion rose, bounced off the ropes and rocketed into Bundy.

Hogan watched, his anger mounting. When Bundy re-entered the ring, the Hulkster laced into him with kicks and elbows, then slung him into the ropes and nearly decapitated him with a clothesline as he bounced off.

Bundy decided it was time for another coaching session and left the ring for another conference with the Giant. Following Andre's advice, Bundy came back slugging and kicking. Hogan met the charge with a fierce elbow smash, then twisted Bundy's arm. But Bundy reversed the armlock and yanked Hogan to the mat by his hair.

As fans stood up and stomped their feet in support of Hogan, the champion rose, bounced off the ropes and rocketed into Bundy with two shoulder blocks. The immense bulk of Bundy stag-

His muscles corded, Hogan lifts the ponderous Bundy and prepares to send him crashing into the mat.

GIANT ATROCITY

gered, but did not fall. Counter-attacking, Bundy shoved Hogan into a corner, applied a wristlock and again used the hair to floor the Hulkster.

Outside the ropes, Andre sneered at and mocked the champion. Not a good idea. Hogan responded by coming up slugging, then bodyslammed Bundy.

As the battle continued to rage, Bundy reversed a Hogan Irish whip and prepared to avalanche the champion in the corner. Referee Jack Kruger somehow got in the way and was crushed between the two powerful wrestlers.

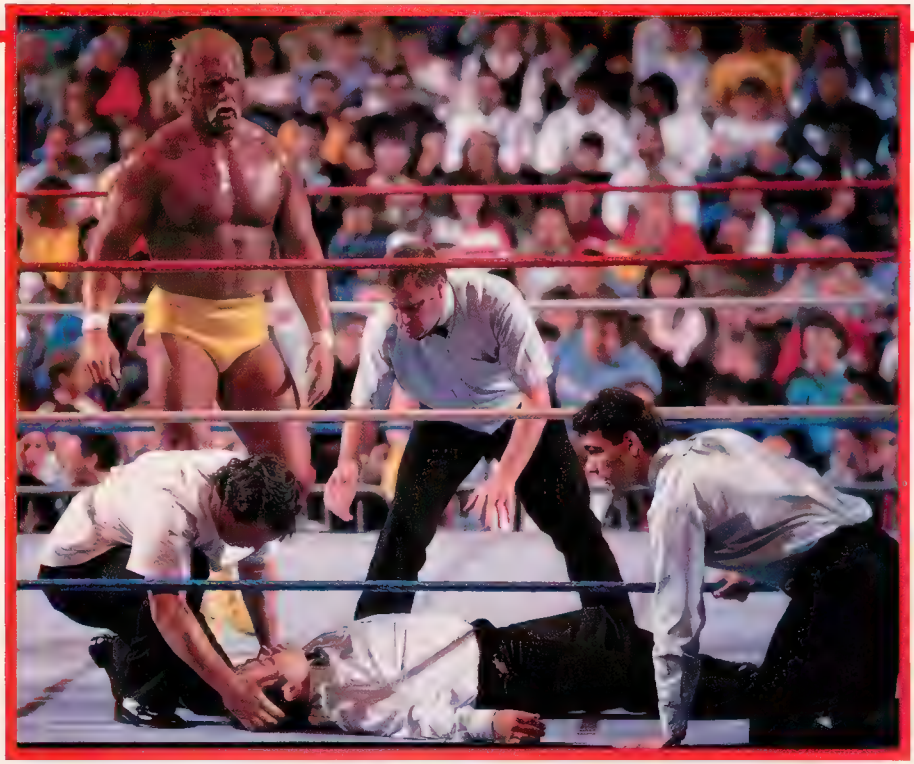
As Kruger was carried from the ring on a stretcher and was replaced by referee Dave Hebner, Bundy and Andre again plotted strategy. Fans did not have to read Andre's lips to get the message: "Hurt the champion."

Bundy tried to do just that as the match resumed. He face-raked, clotheslined and knee-dropped Hogan, covering him for a two-count. Hogan escaped but a chop sent him over the ropes. He regained the ring only after two attempts, during which Bundy battered him savagely.

Hogan was in trouble. Bundy tossed him about, pitched him into a turnbuckle and smashed him with an avalanche, then repeated it in another corner. Hogan fell to the mat while, from ringside, Andre demanded Bundy end the match. He tried with a big splash that rocked Hogan but, buoyed by cheers of fans, Hogan recovered.

As the fans continued to roar,

Bundy attacks the Hulkster's wrist. King Kong Bundy did not give ground easily. Several times, it appeared as if the match could go either way. Hogan had to focus not just on Bundy but on the looming of Andre the Giant at ringside.



Referee Jack Kruger lies out cold on the canvas after being squashed between Hogan and Bundy. The break in the action gave Bundy a chance to talk strategy with Andre.

Hogan shook with rage at Bundy and Andre. Strength surged through his body. Bundy went for a whip and, with tremendous effort, the Hulkster reversed it. Bundy hit the buckles and fell backward to the canvas, where Hogan finished him with a leg drop. A three-count later, the match was over.

The mayhem, however, was just about to begin. Although worn down by the battle, Hogan stood in the ring and dared Andre to come and get the championship belt that the Hulkster had placed on the canvas. Towering over all, his face stony, Andre stood on the ring steps, stared coldly at Hogan and spat derisively. Then he descended the steps.

The mayhem was just about to begin. Although worn down, Hogan stood in the ring and dared Andre to come and get the championship belt.

Seeing the Giant retreat, Hogan turned in triumph to the fans, who roared back their support. Andre's seeming departure was a trick. Quickly, he stepped over the ropes, and seized the champion from behind. Caught in the gargantuan grasp of the Giant, a surprised Hogan was sledgehammered from the rear by a thunderous headbutt. His face a study in brutality, Andre grabbed a sagging Hogan around the neck, digging his fingers into the throat. Shaking Hogan, Andre squeezed with

GIANT ATROCITY

power that would have wrenched an ordinary man in two. Ironically, just weeks before, after an earlier televised bout with Bundy, Hogan had wrenched the neck of Andre's former manager, Bobby "The Weasel" Heenan, for interfering in the ring. Now Hogan was as helpless in the Giant's grip as Heenan was in his.

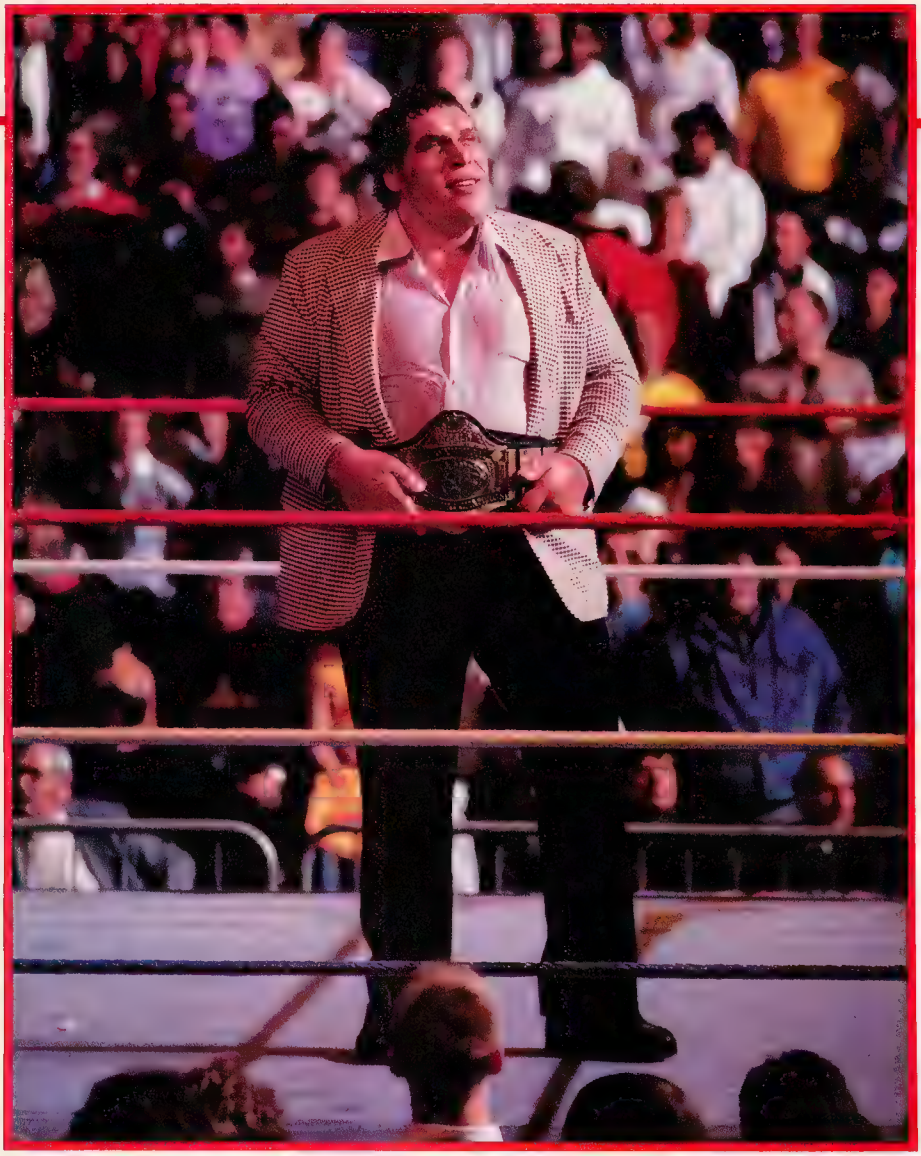
Hogan tried to resist, but his face flushed as the relentless pressure was applied from the rage-filled colossus who stood over him. The champion's eyes rolled in his head, then started to close as the Giant's mighty hands cut off air. Hogan sagged, but Andre held him up for more punishment, shaking the titlist viciously. The Hulkster appeared unconscious, lifeless.

Fans screamed. Many turned heads here and there, as if looking about the arena for help. It came. From the dressing room, the British Bulldogs raced down the aisle and jumped on Andre, trying to pry his arms apart. It was like trying to budge steel. Dropping Hogan for a moment, the Giant seized both of the Bulldogs and effortlessly cracked their heads together. They went down as Andre returned his attention to the seemingly unconscious Hogan.

More help came as Jake "The Snake" Roberts charged the ring and pounded on the Giant. It was as if Roberts were banging on granite. Andre hardly noticed him. Strike Force and the Junk Yard Dog, who rushed the ring with Roberts, had no more effect on Andre. They yanked and strained at his arms, but the Giant held fast to the champion. Andre's entire being was focused on the destruction of the Hulkster.

Finally, Hacksaw Jim Duggan entered the fray and whacked his two-by-four against Andre's back. The Giant, glaring, turned and lurched toward Duggan, who backed away. As Andre stalked Duggan, Hogan's rescuers saw

Despite the efforts of a host of other wrestlers to halt Andre's attack, the Giant ignored them as though they were flies and continued to savagely throttle the Hulkster.



Towering over the ring, the mighty Giant holds the belt he so treasures. Andre's attack on Hulk was overwhelming. The crowd was stunned at the ferocity of the assault and Hogan's inability to thwart it.

their chance. They rushed to his side as he lay gasping on the mat and pulled him from the ring to safety. Then all retreated to the dressing room, leaving Andre standing in the hot arena spotlights, alone with the thing he covets most, Hulk Hogan's World Championship Belt. As the crowd howled its disgust and anger, Andre picked up the belt and stared at it. He did not speak, but his meaning was clear. The belt, the title and the glory, he felt, would soon be his **WF**

TANK

Gang and Bigelow in a Colossal Clash

Slick (inset) and One Man Gang. Opposite: Humperdink (inset) and Bam Bam.

WARFARE

They came to the World Wrestling Federation last year, within a few months of each other. They are two of the biggest men in wrestling and, for that matter, anywhere. They are unbelievably quick for their size and, although their ring strategy relies on immense strength and bulk, they are solid scientific technicians when the need arises. Pain and pounding hardly phase them. They relish contact, glory in brawling, the more brutal the better.

The difference is that one of them also pleasures in giving pain for pain's sake and views a fair fight as something for saps. The other, while he goes into the ring bent on destroying his opponent, is not a bully and does not toss out the rulebook unless facing the same sort of tactics.

It is only natural, then, that the ruthless street tough One Man

TANK WARFARE

Gang and hard-nosed Bam Bam Bigelow should be drawn together in a colossal confrontation to determine which of them is superior. Given that Bigelow is on the way to 400 pounds and One Man Gang pushing 500, the battle between them promises to be a mat version of tank warfare.

Their assaults, characterized by speed and frightful impact, hit as quick and hard as an armored strike. Each of the battling behemoths comes equipped with heavy artillery that packs an arena-shaking wallop capable at any given time of blasting an opponent into smithereens.

It also could be that managerial skill will impact on the outcome. Slick's notorious ringside tactics could be a major advantage for the Gang.

When it comes to blasting, says Gang's gangly manager, Slick, there is no question who is best. "As a blaster," crows Slick, "my big man's the master."

Bigelow's manager, Oliver Humperdink, begs to differ. "Bam Bam Bigelow hits opponents harder than anybody in the ring—One Man Gang included," says Humperdink.

Both managers have plenty of evidence to back up their claims. But which of them is right will not be settled until One Man Gang and Bam Bam collide in their final conflict. And that's something that is looming over the entire WWF.

"When they go at it for all the marbles," says WWF ring commentator and Living Legend Bruno Sammartino, "it will be brutal. They are unbelievable men. It's hard to say which will win."

One Man Gang says he knows. "Nobody lasts long against the One Man Gang," he snarls. "Even two men at once. I proved it. I destroy. I'm bigger than that punk Bigelow. I'm meaner. Stronger. And, all you people who want to see him beat me, forget it. Because I'm gonna' have fun with him. I'll torture him before I put him away. And enjoy it."

Slick is as cocky as his wrestler. "Say, Bro," he oozes. "You know what you want, my man. And tha's to bust that boy's haid. Gang, you is a mountain of mean in tights."

That he is. Gang goes into the ring bent on mayhem. Wasting no time, he starts his attack by methodically clubbing his adversary with his hamlike fists, which invariably renders the victim help-

Above: One Man Gang rubs a victim's eyes along the ring ropes. Gang overwhelms opponents with overpowering brutality. Opposite: Bam Bam Bigelow is a bruiser with massive bulk, but he also can move with catlike grace.

TANK WARFARE

less in no time. Then Gang brings his massive bulk into play, pushing and crowding his opponent. Adversaries who have tried to fight back have been frustrated. He laughs at their blows, which takes the fight out of them, if indeed, any remains by then. Wobbly and woozy, the opponent then is ready for the "master blaster," the move that One Man Gang uses to end the scene. Gang takes his opponent into the air, sometimes using the ropes for extra altitude, and then smashes him face first to the mat. And that's all she wrote.

Bam Bam Bigelow has closely observed One Man Gang in the ring. "I know the man's tough," says Bam Bam. "Anybody can see that. But when it comes to tough, it's my name. I got the muscle, the speed and the smarts to dismantle him".

Speed and muscle Bigelow has in spades. He moves like a lightweight and is so agile he sometimes cartwheels out of tight spots, leaving his adversary totally baffled. Bigelow also can go aerial, striking with damaging flying dropkicks. His punches strike like lightning, and no one has been able to stand toe to toe with him and survive. Bigelow also can mount the top rope, sail into the air, and splash his victim into the mat.

Bigelow's skill, quickness and strength was evident in the now-famous over-the-top-rope battle royal in which he ended up facing Hercules and Cowboy Bob Orton. Moving, always moving, he kept them from cutting off the ring and prevented either of his powerful adversaries from getting behind him. From corner to corner he went, then danced to the middle of the ring. As they crowded him into a corner again, he cartwheeled out. The match ended when Bigelow reversed an attempt by Orton and Hercules to heave him over the corner ropes. As they grabbed his legs and strained, he bent down and crotched one of his opponents with each arm, then tossed them to the arena floor.

One Man Gang has more size than Bigelow, but cannot match the quickness exhibited in the battle royal win. As for strength, it is difficult to say which of them is superior. Both are incredibly

Left: Bam Bam comes down hard on Hercules. Bigelow has shown he can handle the best of the competition. One Man Gang plants his immense body on George Steele for the pin.

powerful.

An encounter between One Man Gang and Bam Bam Bigelow will pit Bigelow's explosiveness against the systematic destruction practiced by the Gang. Perhaps the question of victory will depend on luck. If one of the antagonists manages to get in a lucky strike that renders the other groggy, then follows it up, the other might not be able to recover, due to the great size and power involved.

It also could be that managerial skill will impact on the outcome. Slick's notorious ringside tactics and before-the-bout schemes could be a major advantage for the Gang. On the other hand, Humperdink is an intelligent, clever planner. He and Bigelow probably will go into the match with a carefully developed strategy that utilizes Bigelow's skills to the utmost.

Any way you look at it, however, the clash between Bam Bam and the Gang could be the greatest tank battle since World War II. WF

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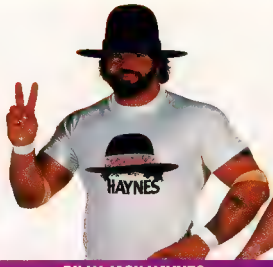
01–00136	X-Large	01–00140	X-Large



BILLY JACK HAYNES

01–00205	Small
01–00206	Medium
01–00207	Large
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MAGNIFICENT MURACO

01–00101	Small
01–00102	Medium
01–00103	Large
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01–00110	Medium
01–00111	Large
01–00112	X-Large

Navy Blue/Orange Logo

01–00129	Small
01–00130	Medium
01–00131	Large
01–00132	X-Large

REAL AMERICAN

01–00105	Small
01–00106	Medium
01–00107	Large
01–00108	X-Large

SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM

01–00209	Small
01–00210	Medium
01–00211	Large
01–00212	X-Large

AMERICAN MADE

01–00173	Small
01–00174	Medium
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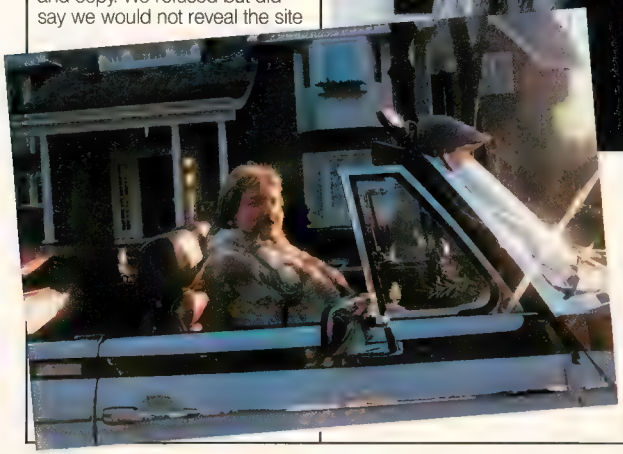
PRIVATE EYE

At Home (one of them) With The Million Dollar Man

Ted DiBiase, the Million Dollar Man, boasts of owning a bevy of fine homes, spread about the world in posh playgrounds of the rich and famous. He doesn't like to give their locations for security reasons, but his comments suggest they are located in places such as Palm Beach, Florida; Newport, Rhode Island; Palm Springs, California; and in Europe, Monte Carlo.

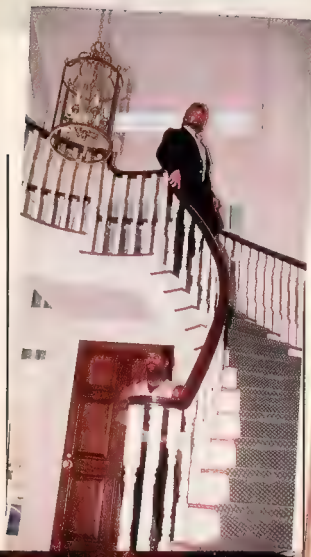
The editors have long wanted to give you a glimpse of at least one of DiBiase's sumptuous digs. We asked him a while back, but he refused. We knew, however, that he would finally agree because he likes to flaunt his money in front of the rest of us. So, his invitation came as no surprise.

DiBiase's terms included the right to review all photographs and copy. We refused but did say we would not reveal the site of the house, as DiBiase requested. The most we can tell you is that it is in a suburb of a major northeastern city—not just any ordinary suburb, however, but one in which millionaires' mansions are as common as row housing. Edifices costing as much as twenty



DiBiase pulls up in front of the house. "It's all mine," he says, smirking.

PHOTOS BY STEVE TAYLOR



ordinary men make in a lifetime are set on stately grounds, landscaped with expensive trees, walks and ponds. Of them all, DiBiase's is the showiest.

We spent a day with DiBiase as he relaxed around the house, with his manservant, Virgil, attending him. The interior was eye-popping, and DiBiase obviously enjoyed our aston-

DiBiase, with Virgil attending, relaxes in the library, then heads downstairs for dinner, served by an attentive staff.

ishment as we wandered around.

The furniture was all either custom-made or antique. Rich tapestries hung on the walls, along with works of art by the masters. DiBiase showed us these with pride, although he didn't seem to care much who painted them, just how much they cost.

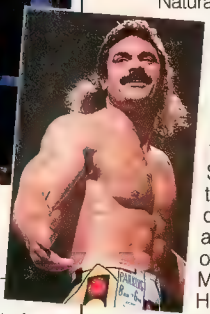
Despite all his trappings of wealth, however, DiBiase showed extremely poor manners, in our opinion. While he sat down to a marvelous gourmet dinner, the Million Dollar Man never even offered us a cup of coffee. It all proves bucks don't buy class. WF

WWF LOWDOWN

There is considerable coverage in this issue of the Ultimate Warrior, a new, exciting grappler who has stirred up the WWF with his aggressive, forceful tactics in the ring. In this issue, we tell how, shortly after he entered the WWF, he destroyed Steve Lombardi. Made mincemeat out of him. Well, Lombardi is pouting over the disaster and claims he was cheated. "That war paint on his face," says Lombardi in reference to the Ultimate Warrior's facial adornment, "is a foreign substance. It gets in your eyes and blinds you. He cheats."

From our standpoint, the paint on the Ultimate Warrior's face never made contact with Lombardi's eyes, but to be sure, we had it checked out through one of our inside contacts. "It's plain paint," said the contact. "Nothing wrong with it." Beyond that, we'd like to ask Steve why the Ultimate Warrior should wear something around his eyes that could blind him as well as the opponent? So much for Lombardi's complaint.

On the subject of the ultimate, how about the rumor that Bobby "The Weasel" Heenan has become the ultimate big spender with the money that he gained through the sale of Andre the Giant's contract to the Million Dollar Man, Ted DiBiase? Heenan apparently has bought matching black and white Rolls Royces, a drawer full of diamond stickpins and gold-embossed stationery. And we know all about your stationery, Bobby. Remember the notes we found on your letterhead about how you planned to beat Hulk Hogan? And how we published them a few issues back? Too bad you didn't use gold embossing then.



Left: Patera and Haynes. Above: The Rock Muraco. Right: Ravishing Rick Rude

Speaking of DiBiase, people have been wondering how he can control a man like Andre, who is not in the mood to take orders from anyone, ever. DiBiase doesn't try. He doesn't care. He's just confident that Andre, working on his own, will thoroughly destroy Hulk Hogan and take the WWF Title once and for all.

The word around the locker room is that since Billy Jack Haynes and Ken Patera have started operating as a tag team, each of them has improved his quickness. We asked Patera about it. "No question," he answered. "Learning to tag in and out and coordinating our moves has made us quicker."

The Rock, Don Muraco, is going all out to make his fists truly hands of stone. He's taken up an old karate training method to make his fists rock hard, plunging them into a barrel full of gravel for an hour a day. The Natural Butch Reed take note: The Rock's fists will feel like battering rams.

A locker room wit who is no friend of Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart has this tongue-in-cheek suggestion about the manager of the Honky Tonk Man. "Hart and Honky bad mouth Randy 'Macho Man' Savage and his dainty manager, Elizabeth. Let's put Savage against Honky, then Elizabeth against Hart. Savage will wreck Honky, and Hart, the coward, won't even show up."

Ravishing Rick Rude has been redecorating the digs he has purchased with the money he's made in the WWF. Redecorating consists of throwing out the hundreds of photos of himself that he had on the walls. In their place, mirrors. "There's nothing better to look at than me," Rude allegedly has said. "So why not let me look at the real thing rather than a photo?" WF

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The Color!
The Stars!

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60-00109
June 1987-WWF Mag.

60-00104
Apr./May 1987-Hogan

60-00107
Feb./Mar. 1987-Savage

61-00122
WrestleMania III

61-00125
#151-Elizabeth

61-00125
#150-DiBiase

61-00124
#149-Hogan

61-00123
#148-Honky Tonk

61-00111
#146- Steamboat

61-00110
#145-Harts

61-00119
#144-Butch Reed

61-00113
#143-Steamboat

61-00121
#142-The Snake

61-00107
#141-Junk Yard Dog

61-00103
#140-Hogan

61-00118
#138-George Steele

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WRAP UP

While the rest of the World Wrestling Federation was celebrating another record-setting *Saturday Night's Main Event*, Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan was fuming. The

Left: WWF World Champion Hulk Hogan approaches the Saturday Night's Main Event *ring. Above: The WWF* Survivor Series *at Richfield Coliseum, Ohio.*

November 28 NBC telecast saw the titlist endure a count-out loss to King Kong Bundy—following interference by Andre the Giant and Bobby "The Brain" Heenan. "I tell you, this really makes the Hulkster's blood boil," said Hogan. "More and more people are watching the WWF, and they see Bobby 'The Weasel' Heenan's family get the better of me. Well, not for long. I know all the little Hulkamaniacs—and some of the big Hulkamaniacs too—are as mad about this as I am. The pythons are ready, and the next time the Weasel and his henchmen mess with me in front of such a large audience, *Hulkamania's* going to score a convincing win."

Reported *USA Today*, "Wres-

tling fans helped NBC's latest *Main Event* special...tie its highest overnight rating."

Two nights earlier, a pay-per-view standard was achieved by the historic *Survivor Series*. The WWF, which had already proved to be a pay-per-view pioneer with its *WrestleMania* broadcasts, presented an explosive lineup to 490,000 households. Considering that many watched the Thanksgiving spectacular in large groups—at post-dinner parties—it is estimated that between 2 and 3 million saw teams headed by Randy "Macho Man" Savage, the Fabulous Moolah, Strike Force and Andre the Giant gain victories.

Said one fan in a letter to *WWF Magazine*, "It was the greatest Thanksgiving event since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock."

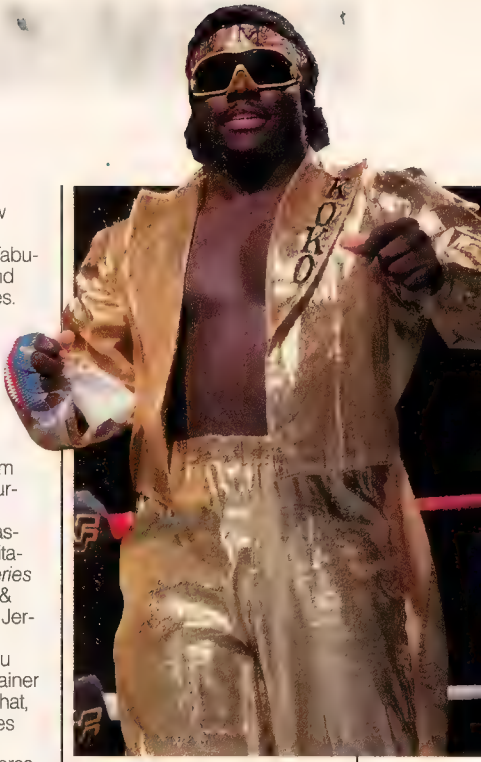
And *WrestleMania IV* is expected to be even better!

Conspicuously absent from the Richfield Coliseum on Turkey Night was former WWF manager Classy Freddie Blassie. Blassie accepted an invitation to watch the *Survivor Series* at Lou Duva's Seafood Grill & Sports Club in Totowa, New Jersey. If the name Lou Duva sounds familiar, it should. Lou was Roddy Piper's boxing trainer for *WrestleMania 2*. Before that, he coached the United States Olympic Boxing Team.

Needless to say, the conversation was filled with talk of combat sports. Yet, it was reported the normally brash Blassie was anything but combative. The white-haired terror is said to have charmed fellow patrons with his expertise on the squared circle and signed autographs.

Could "The Hollywood Fashion Plate" be mellowing? It's doubtful.

"The Birdman" Koko B. Ware had followers flapping with joy during a visit to the Kempmill Record Store in the nation's capital. Koko was passing through Washington, D.C., to chat with rock listeners about his lead track on the *Piledriver* album. Someone asked if the attention the record is receiving has taken his mind away from wrestling. "Actually, the opposite is true,"



Koko B. Ware. Fans are going wild over the Birdman's lead single from the popular WWF Piledriver *album.*

answered the soft-spoken dropkick artist. "All the attention has motivated me to work harder to please the many fans I won by singing *Piledriver*. They've made it clear that they're pulling for me, and I don't plan to let them down."

Former Intercontinental Champion Randy "Macho Man" Savage and his breathtaking manager Elizabeth spoke in December about justice in the city that gave us liberty. Appearing on an edition of the *City Lights* news and interview program on WCAU, Philadelphia's CBS television affiliate, Savage pledged to win his noble war against the Honky Tonk Man.

WRESTLER'S REBUTTAL

HE DIDN'T BUY US

By Linda Kelly, Publisher of *WWF Magazine*

We published a photograph of Ted DiBiase, the Million Dollar Man, on the cover of the January *WWF Magazine*. There he was, with his manservant Virgil, in all of their self-proclaimed glory. From a journalistic standpoint, it was an excellent cover. DiBiase is in the news. He created major shock waves with his sleazy attempt to buy Hulk Hogan's World Wrestling Federation Title and then—we didn't know it at the time—his purchase of Andre the Giant's contract from Bobby "The Brain" Heenan. As the world's most popular and successful wrestling magazine, we sought to highlight a man who, for better or worse, is making wrestling history. That's our job.

Ted DiBiase has claimed that he paid us to publish that cover. DiBiase made the claim on WWF television. WWF commentator Jesse "The Body" Ventura has supported this claim. Jesse ought to know better. He's been on the cover, too. He was put there because fans want to know about him. He's good copy.

The same is true of Ted DiBiase, whether we like him or not. People want to read about this arrogant person who thinks money means all.

We categorically state that there was no deal with DiBiase. We asked him for an interview, and he agreed. We shot photographs of him, as we do with every person we interview. He agreed to pose. We said nothing about which photographs we would use and where. That was purely our decision. After examining them, we decided that one was suited for the cover. We published it that way.

We will continue to write about Mr. DiBiase. And we'll photograph him. We will write what we feel should be written and publish photographs we believe are appropriate. And, despite what Mr. DiBiase says, we don't—and won't—make deals. WF

WWF CROSSWORD

By Larry Humber

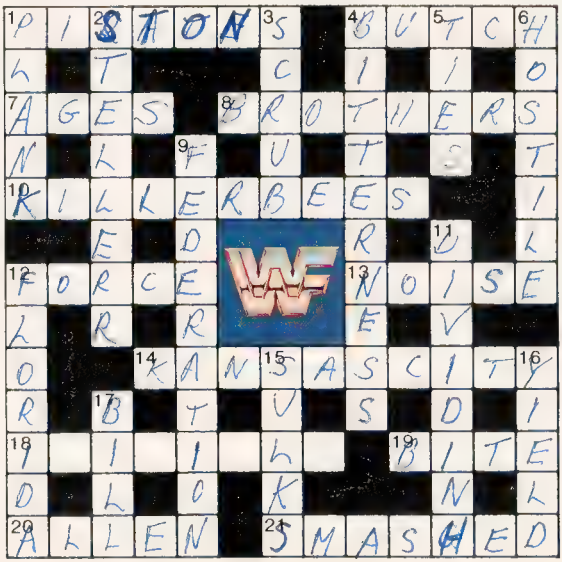
ACROSS

1 The Pontiac Silverdome, site of *WrestleMania III*, is also the home of this pro basketball team (7)
4 "The Natural's" first name (5)
7 Old (4)
8 Jacques and Raymond, The Rougeau _____ (8)
10 Blair and Brunzell (6, 4)
12 They succeeded the Hart Foundation as tag team champs, Strike _____ (5)
13 Loud sound (5)
14 "Cowboy" Bob Orton's hometown; it's not in Texas as you might think (6, 4)
18 The Junk Yard Dog is often referred to by his (8)
19 Seize with the teeth (4)
20 New Haven-born grappler, Jerry _____ (5)
21 Punched (7)

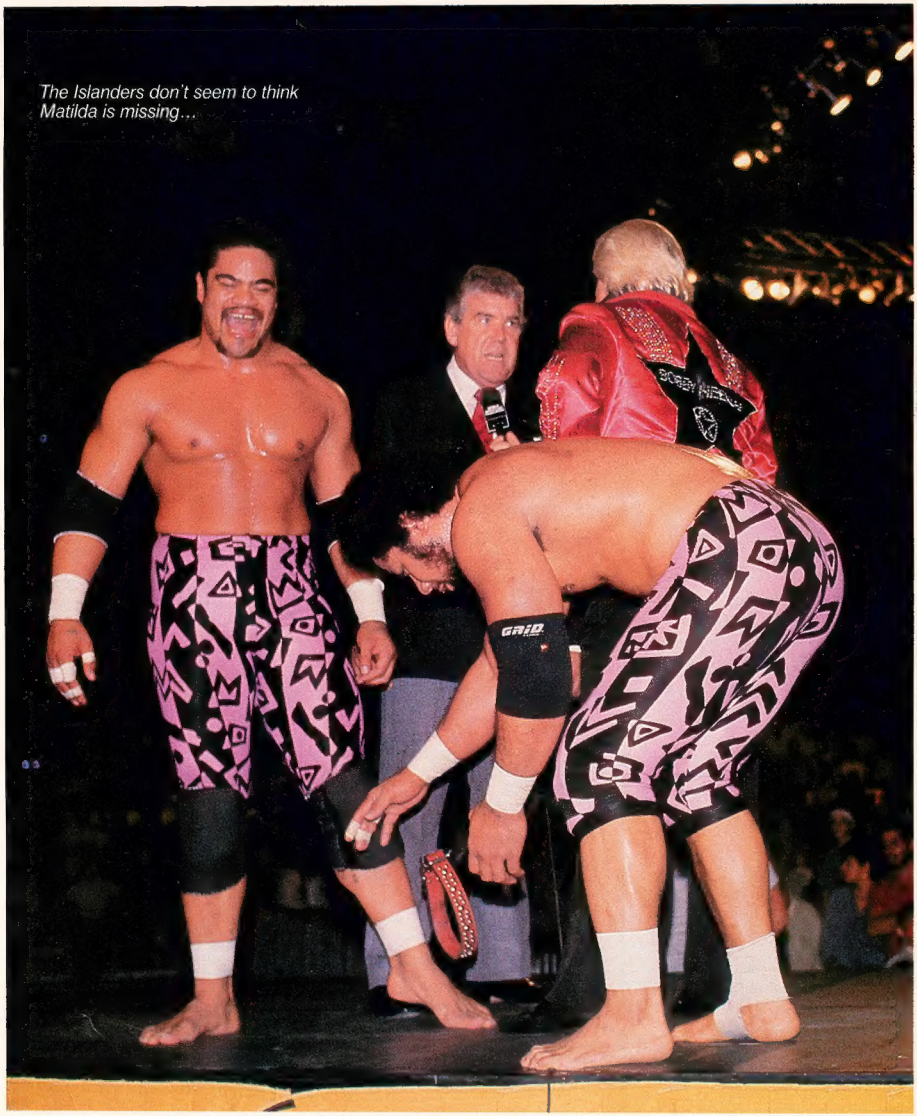
DOWN

1 "Hacksaw Jim" wields one (5)
2 Nickname of the pro football team that represents Bruno Sammartino's Pennsylvania home (8)
3 Word used in some sports to describe a less-skilled player (5)
4 Animosity, ill will (10)
5 Draws (4)
6 Unfriendly (7)
9 WWF World Wrestling _____ (10)
11 Splitting (8)
12 "Macho Man" Savage hails from this southern state (7)
15 Mopes (5)
16 Give up (5)
17 "Superstar" Graham's real first name (4)

Answers to this puzzle will be published in the April WWF Magazine *on sale March 8*



CAUGHT IN THE ACT



The Islanders don't seem to think Matilda is missing...

PHOTO BY TOM BUCHANAN

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